NOTES FOR A HEMINGWAY OMNIBUS . . By Malcolm Cowley

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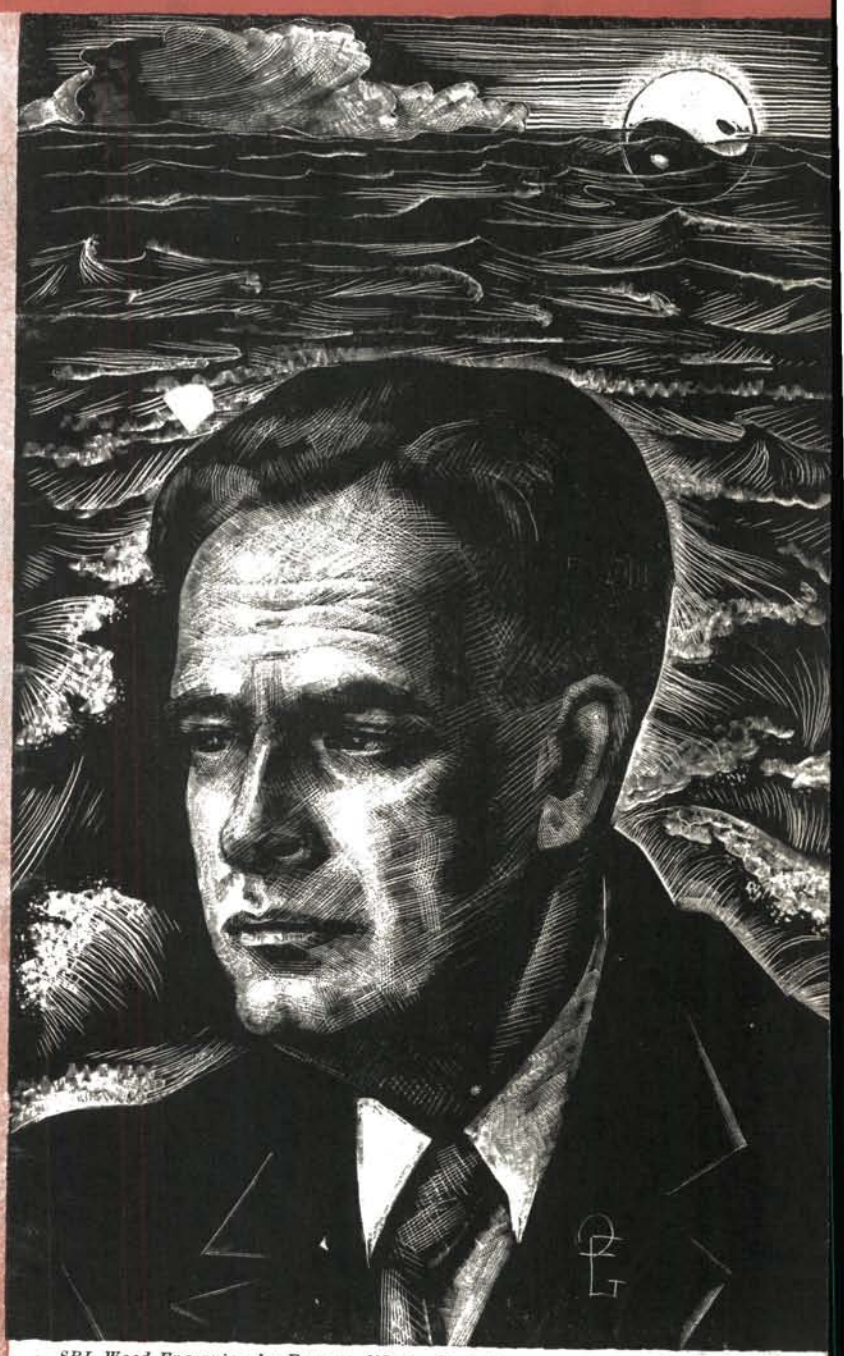

—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

PHILIP WYLIE has exercised his remarkable talents and his brilliant gift for writing volcanic prose. (See page 9)

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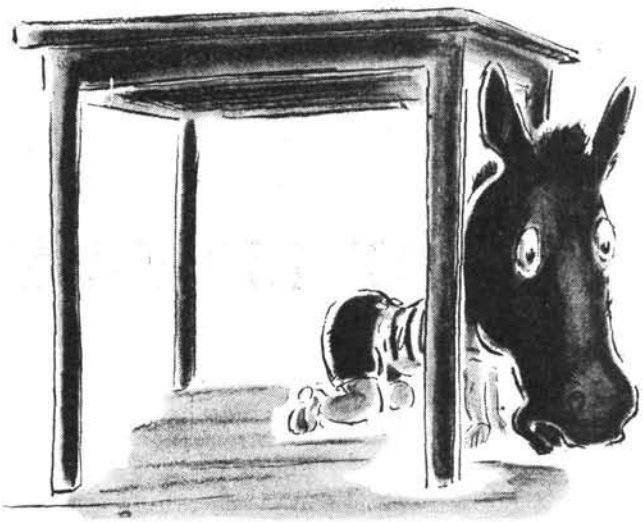

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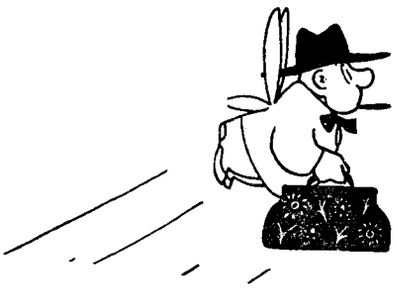

THE FLYING GENTLEMAN at the top of this page is a symbol of something new in American humor. He is also something new in art. He represents a unique kind of pictorial realism that blends the comic with the fantastic to produce, of all things, solid sense.

About a year ago we published a book about him called BARNABY. It was the story, in comic strip pictures, of a little boy named Barnaby who wanted a fairy godmother and wished on a star. What he got was a fairy god*father,* a pompous little windbag with pink wings and a paunch named Mr. O'Malley. A pleasant madness came over America as soon as the book was published. Enthusiastic barnabites began to roam the streets, buttonholing everybody within reach to explain why Barnaby's godfather was better than *Ferdinand, Mr. Micawber, Sweater Girls, Alice in Wonderland, Aristophanes, Thurber,* the philosophers in *The Crock of Gold,* and so on and on.

It wasn't long before America began to discover O'Malley for itself. As a comic strip he had appeared first, and exclusively, in New York's newspaper *PM.* Today he is syndicated all over the country. At first the book was a best seller only in the East. Then a publishing miracle happened—and he became a smash hit from coast to coast.

And now there's a new book about him to announce. This one, like its predecessor, is complete with chapters. In it you will meet, besides Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley, all the old gang including Gus the ghost who gets scared in the dark and is worried by strange noises, Gorgon the dog who didn't know he could talk because he had never tried before, Atlas the *mental* giant, McSnoyd the invisible leprechaun, and all the other long-suffering members of the Elves, Leprechauns, Gnomes and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society. Here also you will find the best of the new Barnaby adventures, from the embarrassing sequence about the magic but non-germinating seeds for Barnaby's victory garden, to the last regrettable affair of O'Malley's silent campaign for Congress.

Just to prove that other people feel as we do about O'Malley and his spritely associates, here at the right are various opinions. Copies of BARNABY and MR. O'MALLEY, as well as BARNABY, may still be available at your bookshop, if you hurry. The ridiculous price for so much fun is only $2.00 for each volume.

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Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley

By CROCKETT JOHNSON

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes for a Hemingway Omnibus

The Pattern of His Work and Its Relation to His Life

MALCOLM COWLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In connection with the selection of Ernest Hemingway as the outstanding American novelist of the last twenty years in a poll several weeks ago of* Saturday Review *contributors, Malcolm Cowley contributes the following article, the bulk of which is drawn from his introduction to the "Viking Portable Library Hemingway" and which is published by arrangement with the Viking Press.*

THERE seems to be some question why the leading American novelist of the last twenty years isn't also the author of the leading American novel. When *The Saturday Review* was preparing its twentieth anniversary number and asked a group of its contributors to nominate their candidates for both these honors, Ernest Hemingway as a novelist received twice as many votes as the second contender, who was Ellen Glasgow. On the other hand, fewer than half of Hemingway's supporters also gave him credit for writing the best novel, and the votes of the faithful moiety were divided between "A Farewell to Arms," which came second on the list (after Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith"), and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which came fifth. "It might appear, on the basis of this poll," the editors said in announcing the results, "that the literary period covered by *The Saturday Review's* history has been somewhat chaotic. Actually, though, it reflects an important distinction between a single great book and the cumulative work of a writer."

This distinction, very real in Hemingway's case, seems to challenge a further explanation. If you reread all his books in rapid succession, as I recently had occasion to do, you are likely to be impressed not only by their lasting vitality but also by the wealth of connections between one book and another. It cannot be said of Hemingway, as it is truly said of Thomas Wolfe, that he has written only one novel; and yet many of his stories are "continued," in the sense that he keeps returning to the same themes, continually making them clearer, both to the reader and to himself. His four novels might be considered as the four acts of a single drama dealing with the conflict between individuals and the chaotic society existing between two wars; each act in turn advances the plot, besides casting a new light on the situation treated in the preceding novel. Moreover, it can be discerned, his short stories and even his two non-fiction books contribute to the same emotional pattern.

Here are ten prefaces, written to precede the selections reprinted in "The Viking Portable Hemingway." I think they help to explain the general pattern of his work, and its relation to his life, besides mentioning some of the connections between separate volumes that have seldom been discussed. They help to explain why so many critics (including myself) regard Hemingway as the most important novelist of the inter-war period, while hesitating to select any single novel as the final distillation of his work.

The Novels:

1. "The Sun Also Rises"

In the summer of 1924, Hemingway went to Pamplona for the Fiesta of San Fermin and the six bullfights held during the week of the fair. It was the trip he describes in "The Sun Also Rises," but with many changes to make it truer than life. Anybody who lived in Paris at the time can recognize several of the characters, including Donald Ogden Stewart (the great lover of stuffed animals) and Harold Stearns (the man who was just a little daunted), not to mention others whom the author treated less tenderly. Their conversation is reported with such complete accuracy that you can hear them talking in their different voices; but it is better not to confuse the people in the novel with those in life, since Hemingway has changed and combined their adventures.

—Caricature by Luis Quintanilla

Take the young bullfighter, for example. His name, Pedro Romero, is that of a famous matador who—I am quoting from "Death in the Afternoon"—"killed 5,600 bulls *recibiendo* between 1771 and 1779 and lived to die in his bed at the age of ninety-five." The character, however, seems to be based on that of Niño de la Palma during his first season as a matador, with a few touches borrowed from Manuel Garcia, known in the bullring as Maera. Niño de la Palma was wonderful that first year, but afterwards he was severely gored by a bull and he never regained his courage. It was just as well that Brett didn't marry him. Instead—if she was the woman popularly supposed to be Brett—she married an American and went to live in Mexico. Not long ago she died in a house in Taxco halfway up the mountainside. At the funeral her pallbearers drank a great deal and when they were carrying her downhill they slipped and fell, letting her coffin break. You could put that in a novel too.

"The Sun Also Rises," published in October 1926, was Hemingway's first novel. Of course there was "The Torrents of Spring," which had appeared in May of that year and which was described on the title page as "A Romantic Novel in Honor of the Passing of a Great Race"; but "The Torrents" was simply a satire on American business and American writers, including Sherwood Anderson. It was written in haste, reviewed in brief, and it was a little too quickly forgotten, considering that it has some very

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funny passages. But "The Sun Also Rises" was serious and accurate and new. It still seems new, after nearly twenty years and more than a hundred passable imitations.

2. "A Farewell to Arms"

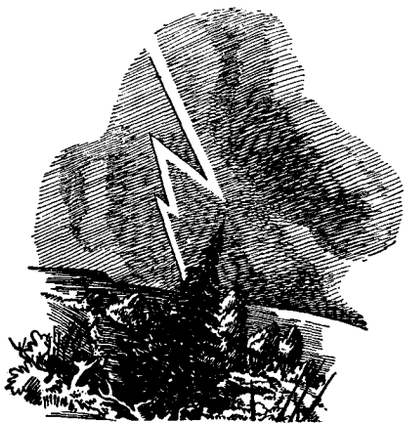
"A Farewell to Arms" is more purely fictional than Hemingway's first novel. Although the author served with an ambulance section in Italy; although he later enlisted in the Italian shock troops, the Arditi; and although he was seriously wounded and received a silver medal like his hero, Frederic Henry, he did not take part in the Caporetto retreat, nor did he ever flee into Switzerland with his beloved. For the germ of the war story, see Chapter VI of "In Our Time," which tells how Nick Adams, sitting wounded against the wall of a church, turns his head to look down at Rinaldi. "Senta Rinaldo; Senta," he says. "You and me we've made a separate peace." For the germ of the love story, see "A Very Short Story," in the same book.

But there is more to be said about "A Farewell to Arms." If you think of Hemingway's four novels as telling a more or less connected story, a legend of war and peace, then this would be the first volume, even though it was written three years after "The Sun Also Rises." You might say that the author goes back to explain how Lady Brett and Jake Barnes became the sort of people they were. Brett can't be Catherine Barkley, for Catherine is dead; but she might be Catherine's sister, or her ghost, and she has been molded by almost the same experiences. Jake is what Frederic Henry might have become six years after the war. When we read the great story of the Caporetto retreat, we learn that the real nature of Jake's wound was moral rather than physical. What he had lost at the crossing of the Tagliamento was not his manhood but his faith in organized society.

"A Farewell to Arms" was serialized in *Scribner's Magazine* before being published in September, 1929. It had a sale in the trade edition of 93,000 copies, very large for that year when people were reading nothing but ticker tape. Later it appeared in cheaper editions and was translated into I don't know how many languages. It was dramatized by Laurence Stallings (the play had a short run) and was also sold to the movies, although, when Hemingway saw what they had done with it, he tried to buy it back again.

3. "To Have and Have Not"

Apparently Harry Morgan, in "To Have and Have Not," bears no relation to the other Hemingway heroes, who are tough because they are wounded and lonely and because they want to hide their apprehensiveness from themselves as well as from others. This Florida fisherman and outlaw is tough all the way through. Yet Harry in one sense is a development out of Frederic Henry and Jake Barnes. If you carry their distrust of society to its logical extreme, you finally reach a man like Harry Morgan (bearing the same name as the great buccaneer), who lives by instinct, hunts alone, feels no loyalty even to his shipmates, and has no virtues except self-discipline and animal fortitude. But that is not the end, as the author found before he finished the novel.



"To Have and Have Not" is loosely constructed, but it contains a number of memorable passages: for example, the first long section, with its fishing in the Gulf Stream and its murdered revolutionists in the streets of Havana; and the dialogue between Richard Gordon and his wife (the one where she says, "I'm through with you and I'm through with love. Your kind of picknose love. You writer"); and the Walpurgisnacht of the punch-drunk veterans in Freddy's bar; and finally the gun battle on Freddy's launch that is the climax of Harry Morgan's career. It is afterwards, when Harry lies dying with two Coast Guardsmen bending above him to hear his story, that he murmurs: "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody f. . . . chance."—"It had taken him a long time to get it out," the author says, "and it had taken him all of his life to learn it."

The first long section of the novel, "Harry Morgan; Spring," was printed as a story in the *Cosmopolitan*, as was also the second brief section, "Harry Morgan: Fall." The book appeared in the fall of 1937, when the author was in Madrid. Most of the critics said that it was Hemingway's weakest novel, but they also said that it showed a broadening of his sympathies and made them feel that he was beginning a new stage in his career.

4. "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

The book starts out with Harry Morgan's dying words as they might have been translated into magnificent seventeenth-century prose. "No man alone," Harry had mumbled. "No man," the author quotes from John Donne, "is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind."

Robert Jordan is involved in mankind. He is the first of Hemingway's heroes with a social purpose, "a feeling of consecration to a duty toward all the oppressed of the world." The feeling of consecration has been weakened during the Spanish Civil War, but the sense of duty remains. Jordan realizes that there are lies and injustice and self-seeking on his side as well as the other; but he sees no hope for Spain except in the victory of his side, and he will go on fighting for it to the end. And now, having abandoned all personal ambition and hope for his own survival, he finds that he can live "as full a life in seventy hours as in seventy years." He escapes from fear and solitude, and he finds that complete union with another being is possible for him as it was not possible for Hemingway's other heroes. His almost willing death in the line of duty is the end of a drama, a legend, that had really begun with the retreat from Caporetto.

This is the best of Hemingway's novels, but you often hear it disparaged in literary circles; perhaps many writers regard the defeat of the Spanish Republic as a tragic and rather disgraceful event that they would rather forget. The public, however, accepted the novel from its first publication in the fall of 1940. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice; it was filmed with painstaking accuracy (although the political meaning was censored and everything was prettified by technicolor); and it has had a sale in all editions of more than 800,000 copies.

The Stories:

1. "In Our Time"

Hemingway's first published work, except in newspapers and a high-school magazine, was a group of poems printed in the January, 1923 issue of *Poetry*. Later that year there was a pamphlet, "Three Stories & Ten Poems," printed in Dijon by the Contact Publishing Company. In 1924 there was a thirty-page booklet called

(*Continued on page* 23)

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"Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made On"

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT. By Philip Wylie. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 372 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FOR a long time Philip Wylie has disapproved, violently and caustically, of this generation of Western civilization and especially of American habits and thoughts and pretenses. Since his first philosophical novel, "Finley Wrenn," ten years ago, and that bitter tirade, "Generation of Vipers," his wrath has not lessened; it has become only more convincing and more eloquent. But his new work, "Night Unto Night," is far more than a sermon and a philosophical quest into the meaning of life and of death; it is a novel in which his characters live and move, and in which there is action and suspense and inner conflict. That his novel was planned to illustrate his idea that we are an irresponsible and childish nation hiding from reality, that the men and women in it talk more effervescently and at greater length than the people in any other book I can remember, does not alter the fact that it is constantly stimulating and entertaining. He has conceived of a dramatic situation and of the protagonists to give it life. There isn't much more a novelist can do, except to conform to the rules of the game, which Mr. Wylie throws out of the window.

In his preface (and it is still true that a good novel needs no introduction) the author starts, one would think, with two strikes against his book. "Here is a novel about death," he writes in his first sentence and adds, as if he had suddenly remembered that it really was a novel he had started, "that is, about the living and their thoughts about death." He goes on to say that in our increasingly materialistic world we attempt to overshadow and forget our approaching doom (death) by the absorption of our senses with everything that can serve to stave off introspection, "for a moment, an hour, a lifetime . . ." If that were true of all of us he would find precious few readers. As a matter of fact, he will find a great many, and they will not all be readers who are vitally concerned with Mr. Wylie's ideas about death or with the follies of American civilization today. They will be concerned and moved by the story of Ann Gracey whose young husband dies at sea, not far from her gloomy home on a lonely beach south of Miami, and who returns to haunt her. And they will be stirred by the dilemma of John Galen, a professor and a biochemist who flees from Chicago to Florida to find solitude and the time to think of the appalling discovery he has made about himself, that he is an epileptic who may be cured or who may die in a year or two, a slobbering maniac.

Ann certainly heard young Bill Gracey's voice and is forced to believe that though his body has disintegrated in the sea he has somehow returned to tell her that "it is here," though what it is she does not know until later. So she has to think about death in an unconventional manner, as a present and living fact. Her younger sister, Gail, beautiful and so consciously streamlined that her constant drinking and lovemaking leave her apparently untouched, has secretly to ponder the same enigma, because she does not know whether or not she was responsible for the death of her husband and baby by monoxide poisoning some years before. All of them are facing what Mr. Wylie calls "terrifying uncertainties."

But the men, rather than the women, are the sounding boards of Mr. Wylie's theories; John, who has rented and has gone to live in Ann's haunted house; a psychiatrist who flies to Miami to be with his friend after his first ghastly epileptic seizure, and a stalwart and successful commercial artist whose pet aversion is science and the scientist, and who must be one of the most prodigious non-stop talkers in American literature. Shawn Mullcup is fat, bald, has two children and a lovely wife. He paints extravagantly exquisite and macabre fantasies to balance the eternally embracing couples he has to reproduce for the women's magazines. He has himself met a terrifying object from the other world, "the thing was about as long as my arm and two-thirds as wide." But it was shapeless, and blacker than any midnight. So he is willing to credit Ann's experience. He is a gargantuan creature, bursting with vitality, kindliness, and vituperation, and the author handles him with a master hand, for, however fantastic he may seem at first glance, he is certainly alive and three-

—*Drawing by Alexander Key from "Suwannee River: Strange Green Land."*
Cedar Keys

dimensional. He adds the necessary lighter touch to a novel that Mr. Wylie designed to be deadly serious, even including the ghost, for one of the antics of the disembodied husband was, he says in his preface, the exact description of an experience of his own when, one night in a closed room, something-or-other picked up a vase filled with flowers and three pints of water and threw it on the floor ten feet away from him.

But all of this byplay with ghosts (and in many ways it is the best ghost story I have ever read) has little to do with the essential purpose of the novel, aside from keeping the mystery of death continually before the reader in a highly dramatic form. That purpose, I gather, is the author's desire to convince the reader that he is on his way to hell, along with the rest of the American people. Not the hell of the revivalist preacher, but the hell of the generations of suffering that we must undergo as a people because we have become slack, because we refuse to think, or to take life and our own sins seriously, because we have become the servants of the machines we have created, and so, until we awaken, we must live through a long series of future wars and catastrophies. He has the zeal of a missionary with not one, but twenty, sermons to preach.

It is a temptation to use his own words instead of paraphrasing him. "America is about to lose another generation," he says, when one of his characters discusses the aftermath of the war. "The world of the future will offer precious little except physical pleasures and comforts." That sentence arose out of a discussion of Shawn's about what we think of as illicit pleasures, so perhaps it is not fair to give it too much weight. But if that lightly uttered prophecy should come true how many millions of starving, wretched, and homeless people would rise to welcome a future in which there was almost nothing but comfort and physical joy, nothing in short but abundant food, good health, and happiness.

Our pleasures, he believes, are too dismal to contemplate and are becoming steadily more infantile. Of the radio, he has Shawn say after smash-

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ing his own expensive set, "sweet soup and liquid sewage! Puree of nostrums and quackery, potage of flawed diamonds and veneered furniture, essence of everything big, awful, cosmic. . . ." Miami to him is "Gilead without balm, an unroofed and loveless tunnel of love, bizarre and papier-mâché." Chicago is "the worm-fattening heart of the fat lands. A dreadful place, as nearly all cities are—this one more than most. A city full of vulgar people—hard-drinking, fornicatious, malodorous, juvenile smoke-breathers." He is especially dubious of what he thinks are our rapidly deteriorating sexual habits, our careless promiscuity, and believes that if we are going to behave like that we should set up schools to study the art of love, though he adds this trenchant sentence, "Connubial ineptitude is the last resource of chastity." At another time, talking to Gail, who has not clearly grasped that he has no designs on her, John thinks, and "In his mind there came a picture, ironic and perplexed—of America as a sort of enormous bawdyhouse. . . . No. a kind of nursery, with the children all adults but wrestling together in the undifferentiated amorousness of infants."

One of the oddities of this novel is that it contains one wholly unrelated fable, supposedly written by Shawn and pasted in his notebook, and half of another. Both are amusing and it is perhaps as well that the second was never completed, since it is about a gigolo who finds one of his legs slowly turning into the shape of a woman's. It also has a long philosophical essay in fine type by an unknown writer, one William Percival Gaunt, taken from a previously unheard of book called, "De Rebus Incognitis," or at least so Mr. Wylie says. Part of it deals with

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Artistry of Jean Stafford

BOSTON ADVENTURE. By Jean Stafford, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 496 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IT is no compliment to "Boston Adventure" to say that it is a striking and original novel in a poor season; it would be a striking and original novel in any season. It is full-blooded. Its style is condensed, old-fashioned in its dignity, highly accurate as a report on the sensibilities of the "I" who tells the story. Its events, made credible by the style and by a kind of indignant pleasure in experience, are memorable and haunting, even when they are grotesque.

There are, I suppose, two points of view from which to approach this book. The title is a challenge to that part of Boston which, in the words of the author, begins somewhere on Beacon Hill and concludes abruptly with the end of Commonwealth Avenue, and "Boston" in this sense is bound to debate the sociological and psychological accuracy of the portrait for which it has unwittingly posed. The verdict is likely to be that we can't be as bad as all that, but the verdict will be tangential to the real merit of the work.

The other point of view, and as I think the right one, is to consider "Boston Adventure" as imaginative experience; and as imaginative experience it is a powerful and disturbing book. The tale is the autobiography of Sonie Marburg, daughter of a German shoemaker and a Russian wife, who ends in captivity as amanuensis to Miss Pride, the embodiment of that lust for personal control which gives vitality to the Brahmins. The work is in two parts; or rather the imaginative picture is in two panels: Boston as seen in the dreams of the young and growing girl, living in macabre surroundings in a poor suburb; and Boston as discovered by the same girl after she has been taken up by Miss Pride. In part one the father deserts his family, but not until he has engendered an epileptic son. After the boy's death, the mother goes steadily mad, and has to be shut up in an asylum. But there is a kind of queer beauty in the mother's dementia, just as there is a beauty of horror in the brief life and death of the little boy.

The second panel, entitled "Pinckney Street" is the maturing woman's experience of the outward decorum and inward decay of "Boston"; and if this section lacks some of the more powerful moments of the earlier part, it has its unforgettable episodes, such as the marriage of a rebellious daughter of the aristocrats to a young doctor in order to conceal her pregnancy, and her suicide. The "adventure" consists, I suppose, in the high hopes with which the heroine approached what seemed to be earthly felicity, and the numbing discovery that the madness from which she thought she had escaped lies about her in the well-bred purlieus of Pinckney Street.

—*Photo by Arni*
Jean Stafford

The "I" of the story is a curious and tantalizing figment of the imagination, timeless and changeless, a devouring and pitiless register of emotion, sensibility, place, and person. If the tale traces the life of Sonie from the time she is a little girl until the time she is helplessly entrapped by "Boston," the teller of the story never develops, for the queer reason that she does not seem to need to develop. She is born old. Emerson has somewhere a phrase about becoming a transparent eyeball; this is the achievement of Miss Stafford. I have read no modern novel of late which so truly compelled me to think of the concentrated emotional power of the Brontës. She has a trick of making time stand still while she wrings every conceivable value, whether of comedy or horror, out of successive episodes in her tale.

To be sure, the book is uneven. Some of the characters are cartoons; some of the episodes are merely tawdry or melodramatic. The writing is not always at the high level of its better parts, and the construction of the book, particularly in part two, is indefinite, as if portions had been cut away and the remainder joined awkwardly together. It is puzzling to know whether Sonie Marburg is simply a recorder or the heroine of her own story. The "Boston" section is in this respect especially confused, inasmuch as Sonie is thrust aside by the rebellious daughter of the Puritans, fantastically named Hopestill Mather.

Somehow these things do not matter. No big book (and especially no big first book) in the tradition of English fiction but has radical flaws sufficient to ruin a work of lesser magnitude. But the book is bigger than its mistakes, and so is "Boston Adventure." Miss Stafford is a commanding talent, who writes in the great tradition of the English novel; and unless her first work is a flash in the pan (and Heaven send it be not), American letters have been enriched by a unique, vigorous, and remarkable artist.

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The Bumpy Road of Liberty

FREEDOM ROAD. By Howard Fast. New York: Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 1944. 263 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

"FREEDOM ROAD" is a real historical novel, something quite different from the trash that has been going, by general consent, under that name. We are reminded again that history can do something else in a novel besides add conviction to a stale romance, that it may act as an imminent force, a mover of men, and a resultant of their deeds, that it may be nothing less than the whole life of a book, its substance, its drama, and its meaning. Anyone who has read "The Unvanquished" and "Citizen Tom Paine" has come to expect this kind of historical vision from Mr. Fast. "Freedom Road" is a book of more immediate vitality then even these, because the chapter of history with which it deals is not a closed one. It was never more open; it reaches out of the past, like an expanding beam of light, to illumine what we will surely have to deal with tomorrow.

The facts of the story are simple enough, and are authenticated in a little foreword that contains the necessary historical references. Immediately after the Civil War those Negroes who had taken part in the fighting returned to their home on the Southern plantations, to find themselves in an entirely new and uncharted situation. They were now legally freemen, they had the right to vote and to share all the other privileges of citizenship. In many cases, the plantations to which they returned were ownerless—the big houses deserted, the land to be sold for taxes. It was one of those moments of pause in history when tension gathers about the slightest crook of a finger, and every move molds the shape of the future. Certain logical things happened. The Negroes came to vote, and elected many legislators and some Congressmen. They found it not impossible to meet on common ground with many of the poor and landless white sharecroppers. That wasn't easy or ever complete, but with patience on both sides, with some remarkable surmounting of supposedly impassable psychological barriers, a working communion of interest was reached. They pooled their money and were able to purchase some of the bankrupt plantations, to parcel them into lots, to start building homes and farms and schools upon them. The Klan began its functioning almost at once, to break this alliance up, and it is worth noting and underlining that the hooded men were, if possible, even more inhuman in their treatment of the white men who joined with the Negroes than of the Negroes. But, so long as the Union troops were in occupation at key spots, the Klan's activities remained sporadic and indecisive. Then—and here is the moment of American tragedy which must come as news to those of us who are unfamiliar with the documents of the period—a deal was made between the corrupt South and the corrupt North, for the manipulated election of Hayes on the Republican ticket. The delivered price was the removal of all occupying forces from the South. This was the signal for reaction. The mobs gathered, hooded or not, it didn't matter now, and descended upon the settlements where Negro and white had established their experiment in democracy. And there, about ten years after it started, the thing was liquidated, everybody killed, everything burned. As Mr. Fast says, even the memory of it was expunged, so that we learn for the first time, most of us, that black men and white men once clasped hands and worked out a living democracy, and had it taken from them.

It happened in a thousand places, and the story of one of these contains the generic truth. Mr. Fast tells it that way, centering his book upon the plantation of Carwell, in South Carolina, and upon the figure of Gideon Jackson, the freed slave who became a Congressman. We meet Jackson at his first casting of ballot and his first election to office, we follow his growth of stature as the logic of the times and the needs of his people press upon him, follow him to Charleston and Washington, meet with him the faltering Grant, also the leaders of conflicting forces, abolitionist and reactionary. We follow him back to Carwell, where he organizes the farm people of both colors into a living community, and perishes with them in the final accounting. It is told simply in the simplest of human terms. These humble men and women, with their children and loves and graspings after the things that would make a good life for them, do not stand about as the supernumeraries of a historical pageant. Their existence is history; they are the parts of which it is the sum.

—SRL Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield.

Howard Fast

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AUTHORS AND THEIR HEROINES

Listed below are twenty groups of three feminine given names. Each group represents the heroines created in three different works by the same author. Can you identify the authors? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 22.

1. Catherine, Elizabeth, Emma.
2. Maggie, Phoebe, Wendy.
3. Antonia, Marion, Thea.
4. Cora, Judith, Mabel.
5. Agnes, Florence, Lucie.
6. Dinah, Dorothea, Maggie.
7. Magnolia, Sabra, Selina.
8. Amelia, Pamela, Sophia.
9. Phyllis, Josephine, Patience.
10. Bathsheba, Eustacia, Tess.
11. Hepzibah, Hester, Hilda.
12. Cosette, Dea, Esmerelda.
13. Hedda, Hilda, Nora.
14. Bethel, Carol, Leora.
15. Anna, Nina, Ruth.
16. Ellen, Lucy, Rowena.
17. Cordelia, Jessica, Katherina.
18. Alice, Julia, Lily.
19. Beatrix, Becky, Laura.
20. Charlotte, Lily, Mattie.

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The Liabilities of Victory

THE CONTROL OF GERMANY AND JAPAN. By Harold G. Moulton and Louis Marlio. Washington: Brookings Institution. 1944. 113 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

CURRENT discussions about the post-war treatment of Germany and Japan are usually more concerned with measures to weaken the Axis powers than with measures to strengthen their victims, who might again fall prey to Axis attack after the war unless they can achieve some degree of political, economic, and military security. Since a nation today, to wage war successfully, must have at its disposal effective industrial resources, there is a marked tendency to demand that one of the first acts of the United Nations should be the destruction of heavy industry in Germany and Japan, and the establishment of strict controls over imports of strategic raw materials. On the face of it, this seems a plausible demand. Once shorn of industrial power, it is argued, Germany and Japan will be incapable of taking up arms, at least in the lifetime of those who have experienced the horrors of aggression. Moreover, the destruction of their industrial resources would constitute concrete punishment of their people, who would thus be reduced to the lowered standard of living they had hoped to impose on conquered nations.

In analyzing any proposal for post-war treatment of Germany and Japan, however, it is essential for us to determine whether it contributes to the reconstruction of Europe and Asia, and thus to a long-term period of peace and stability during which mankind could recapture some of the essential values of civilization. In the slim volume under review, Dr. Moulton, president of the Brookings Institution, and M. Marlio, a French industrialist with wide training in economics, discuss many of the suggestions made to date on this controversial subject, and do so with remarkable clarity and objectivity. Their main purpose is to prevent the development of war power in Germany and Japan, not to check it once it has developed. The Versailles Treaty, although designed to weaken Germany, contained no effective provisions to prevent its military recovery. The League of Nations had no adequate procedure for the application of economic sanctions against aggressors—and even when economic sanctions were finally applied against Italy in 1935, that was only after Italy had prepared itself for the invasion of Ethiopia and had already invaded that country. The experience of the past quarter of a century has demonstrated, in the opinion of the authors, that any economic control measures to be imposed in the future must not be permitted to throttle the economic life of the country against which they are directed—otherwise prolonged depression in that country will eventually affect the rest of the world; and they must be administratively feasible.

With these principles in mind, Dr. Moulton and M. Marlio swiftly review various proposals for the territorial dismemberment of Germany, reaching the conclusion that they would either fail to weaken Germany's industrial power—as in the case of the separation of East Prussia, not an important industrial area—or would create intolerable conditions of depression and unemployment dangerous to the rest of the world—as would be the case if Germany were broken up into small states separated from each other economically. Nor do they regard as either feasible or desirable plans for transforming Germany into an agricultural state (an agrarian economy could not support the present German population); or financial control by the United Nations over Germany industry. The two types of control to which they devote serious attention are control of strategic raw materials imported by Germany from abroad, and control of selected key industries. Germany lacks such important strategic raw materials as antimony, bauxite, copper, iron ore, lead, manganese, mercury, mica, petroleum, platinum, sulphur, tin, and zinc. Deprived of these materials Germany would be unable to develop a wartime industry—but neither could it develop a peacetime industry, thus once more raising the question of employment, for it is difficult to estimate normal requirements accurately, and keep a nation to these requirements. Moreover, many of these raw materials are so widely distributed, and are available in so many countries within a 150-mile radius of Germany, that the possibilities of evasion and smuggling would make administration of control by the United Nations so difficult as to become impracticable. The authors are far more hopeful about the possibility of establishing control over certain selected key industries, especially those relating to the production of airplanes, aluminum ingot, and electric power. They are definitely opposed, however, to any attempt to suppress the German machine-tool industry and transfer existing equipment to other countries. The diversity and decentralization of the tool industry would, in their opinion, make enforcement of such control impossible.

—*Thomas in the* Decatur *(Ill.)* Herald.

Axis Secrets

The problem of establishing economic controls over Japan differs fundamentally from that faced in the case of Germany. Japan is poorer in strategic raw materials than Germany, depends to a greater degree on foreign trade, and, by reason of its island position, is more isolated from possible sources of supply. After reviewing Japan's development at home and overseas since 1930, the authors come to the conclusion that if Japan is deprived of colonies and of Manchuria, it could no longer be a strong military power, lacking oil, rubber, and bauxite, and being deficient in coal and iron. This does not mean that the Japanese people would be reduced to desperate economic straits. For their economic well-being they would have to depend on the development of primary industries through technological improvements, and on the expansion of foreign trade which might well be furthered, instead of curtailed, by the withdrawal of the Japanese from Manchuria and the colonies. Japan, according to the authors, can live and prosper without colonies, provided the United Nations pursue a policy of reducing trade barriers after the war. While control of strategic raw materials would be easier than in the case of Germany, because of Japan's greater dependence on remote sources of supply and the greater difficulties of evasion, the administrative complications of such a control and their serious economic repercussions on countries exporting to Japan make them inadvisable. So far as control over key industries is concerned, the authors recommend control over airplane production, the manufacture of synthetic oil, the construction of oil refineries, and the operation of commercial air lines.

In the final analysis, however, Dr.

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Moulton and M. Marlio believe that neither territorial readjustments nor economic controls would be sufficient to prevent the resurgence of military power in Germany and Japan. Not only do economic controls raise many practical difficulties, but the nations that would have to apply these controls themselves have divergent economic interests. Moreover, should prolonged controls have to be applied to any country or group of countries, they would in the long run operate against private enterprise elsewhere. But while economic devices are insufficient in themselves to keep the peace, they would be valuable supplements to a program of military measures. The authors therefore propose, in addition to the disarmament of Germany and Japan, the creation of a Rearmament Detection and Prevention Board, composed largely of military officials, who would have the power of independent action within the scope of delegated authority. The functions of this board would be to maintain within key industrial areas such number of supervisors as are deemed necessary to detect evasions of the disarmament provisions; in case rearmament provisions are discovered, to call the facts directly to the attention of the German or Japanese Government and to warn such Government that the evasions must be stopped immediately; and, in the event such warning is not promptly heeded, to apply the necessary coercive measures. While the Axis powers are thus disarmed and kept disarmed by a combination of military measures and selected economic controls, an international organization should be established to develop a universal collective security system. Only by supporting such an organization, they believe, can the United States hope to maintain its national independence, and preserve the system of free enterprise.

While there are bound to be differences of opinion concerning some of the specific suggestions made by the authors, or specific objections they raise to other proposals, this book performs the valuable task of analyzing highly controversial questions about the future of Germany and Japan in the practical terms of what can be actually accomplished under existing circumstances. It must be hoped that the Brookings Institution will publish a companion piece on practicable measures to strengthen the economic position of the countries whose resources have been destroyed or depleted by the Axis. For unless such measures are taken promptly, the system of collective security they envisage would not be based on firm foundations.

Japanese Beetles and Borers

GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN. By Violet Sweet Haven. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1944. 321 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

THE meticulous fashion in which the "gentlemen of Japan" prepared for war is a story that has not been somewhat dulled by long repetition. It is well told here, mostly on the level of the espionage and fifth column activities so faithfully carried on by Japan from the Aleutians to the Netherlands Indies. As teacher and journalist, the author saw at first hand most of the countries that Japan was "softening up" for conquest in the decade before Pearl Harbor. Except for Burma—the only notable omission in the author's itinerary and treatment—her summary of Japanese pre-war subversive activities is almost encyclopedic in its scope and detail.

For Americans, some of the facts on Japanese activities in Hawaii, Alaska, and the Aleutians will be most startling, although by now they are better known than before the war. The author is unwilling to view the Japanese-American population in Hawaii as anything but a menace, and produces much indisputable evidence for this attitude from her experiences as a teacher in the Island schools. Bearing in mind the problem which will exist in the post-war era, it is unfortunate that the theme of the book is so strictly argued as to neglect qualifications which might legitimately be made. There is no reference, for example, to the deeds of Japanese-American soldiers, some of whom come from Hawaii, currently serving in our armed forces. From a broader standpoint, moreover, it may be argued that the attitudes of Japanese-Americans have been and will necessarily be affected by the evolution of Japan itself. During the thirties Japan was being systematically regimented for war by the forces ruling the country, and in this process regimentation of the Japanese living outside the homeland was concurrently enforced. A good part of our problem in Hawaii will be solved if the job of bringing into being a democratic Japan is accomplished.

—Thomas in the Savannah News.
Something to Curtsy For.

The writer effectively captures the local color of the East, as a backdrop to Japanese intrigue, in her vignettes of the port cities of Hongkong, Macao, Shanghai, and Singapore in the days that preceded their fall. Chance acquaintances in travel by sea or air offer zest, especially when they are game for a visit by night to the ghostly monuments of Angkor Wat. Developments in both Indo-China and Thailand are outlined against a broader political canvas than in most of the other countries treated, and for this reason furnish materials of considerable value in assessing the pre-war role of these two key objectives of Japan's agents. The Japanese campaign of espionage and subversion in the Netherlands Indies provides the richest source of factual detail, much of it, however, previously available in a brochure issued by the Netherlands Information Bureau. Interviews with Manuel Quezon and General MacArthur throw interesting sidelights on the pre-war Philippine situation.

Analysis of Japan itself is relatively lacking except for one important chapter dealing with the influence of Nazi agents in Tokyo. The argument is again pushed to extreme lengths. Most observers would hesitate to agree that Japan was Berlin's pawn in the same sense as Italy, but the facts here given are a testimony to the far-reaching extent of Nazi machinations within the sanctums of its ally. The industrialists of Japan, like those of Germany, were the close associates of their militarists, as indicated on many pages of this book. Perhaps the most unblushing work was done by the fishing industry, and the most reprehensible by the manufacturers of opium, morphine, and heroin. The chapter analyzing Japan's utilization of the deadly opium derivatives as a weapon of expansionist policy is one of the most thorough and devastating in the book. The warning implicit in this study of Japanese military-fascist imperialism in action is clear and should yet prove useful. It is to be regretted that more such warnings did not appear before December 7, 1941.

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Politician and Power from Nahant

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS: HENRY CABOT LODGE. By Karl Schriftgiesser. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co. 1944. $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

HENRY CABOT LODGE, a ghost of well trimmed whiskers, of Yankee culture, of Republican regularity, and of aristocratic birth and financial independence, seems growing in favor as the first American political demon of our recent past. Harding and his boys, who could not keep their hands off governmental cash and public resources, seem only figures in a disreputable interlude. Even Democrats begin to understand, though they do not say so publicly, that Herbert Hoover's inept optimism in an economic typhoon was not wickedness even if it was grimly funny. But the gentleman from Massachusetts, who wears in his grave the reputation of American destroyer of the League of Nations, grows more substantial in the American demonology. In another war and before another election he seems the man who may have a bronze statue on the Massachusetts State House grounds but whose real memorial is "the surge of death that roared across Europe in 1939, the catastrophe that we call the Second World War."

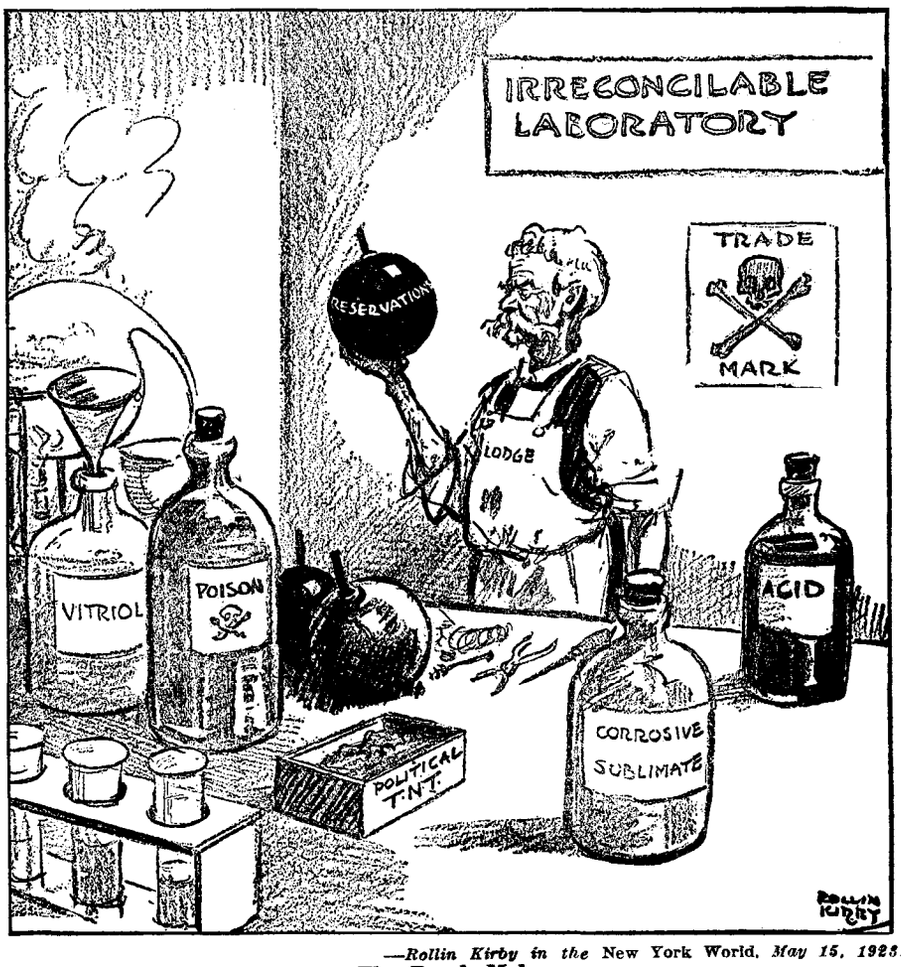
And it is inevitably as such demon that Karl Schriftgiesser's biography of Lodge tells his story. Coming as warning when America faces another peace, coming also just before a Presidential election in which Lodge's Grand Old Party opposes the administration now engaged in peace plans, the book will be naturally suspect by all those who reserve the American political demonology for Democrats, with a chief place for Franklin D. Roosevelt. I think they have a right to such suspicions. Indeed, I think that Karl Schriftgiesser expected them. It is the chief merit of his book that, without minimizing the tragedy of the League's defeat or Lodge's guilt in that crime, he has written Lodge's story objectively and even with sympathy and understanding for the scholar and gentleman, politician and power from Nahant.

Definitely, Mr. Schriftgiesser has written no mere politician or peace pressure job of hack denunciation. Indeed, in every page of the book there is evidence that what he seeks is honest understanding of an American character and the world against which he moved. There are charming passages about the Boston of Lodge's childhood. Lodge's own personality grows beside such figures of his intimacy as Henry Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Carl Schurz, Root, and Hay. It grew in conflict with such diverse men as Mark Hanna and Woodrow Wilson. Always it was a rich American life, courtly and crowded, scholarly and informed, aloof and yet tough in political control.

Mr. Schriftgiesser does not overemphasize the fight on the League. He is concerned with the whole life of Lodge. Less than a quarter of the book is devoted to the League fight which was the climax of Lodge's career and almost the only reason why he is remembered in condemnation—or at all. Actually, as Mr. Schriftgiesser tells that fight, it does not make Lodge an unquestionable out-of-hand villain. He was, of course, guilty of partisan politics with the peace of the world. He was not alone in that. Furthermore, in a real sense he did not so much lead in the fight on the League as he was captured as Senate leader by the necessity of the support of such irreconcilables as Hiram Johnson and William Borah who scorned Lodge's reservations almost as much as they did Wilson's League. He did, however, shape the strategy by which the League and the hopes which surrounded it were destroyed. He accepted that leadership and is entitled with it to any blame that attaches.

To give Lodge, however, full credit for all part America may have had in the failure to preserve the peace is to give too much credit to a man. Like a great many others, he was certainly a captive of blind partisanship. He was a gentleman who had no more political scruples than others who lacked his birth and advantages. He could sneer like an aristocrat and fight like a ward-heeler at the same time. But if there was fault in the American failure in the defeat of the League, we still have it. Henry Cabot Lodge is dead and buried. But the rule which gives one-third of the Senators the right to reject any treaties by which America assumes its responsibility for world peace still stands in the Constitution.

We shall not learn to succeed this time where we failed before by kicking the corpse of Henry Cabot Lodge. What needs our attention is the still existing mechanism in our fundamental law by which one-third of the Senate can defeat the hopes of living men.



—*Rollin Kirby in the* New York World, *May 15, 1923.*
The Bomb Maker

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Manhattan—1944 Version

NO MEAN CITY. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1944. 285 pp. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD SOBEL

A CHAMPION of stalwart proportions, motivated by a great desire for justice, is Simeon Strunsky, author of "No Mean City." This extensive work, which is both a defense and a eulogy of New York, is noteworthy for its sincerity and the multiplicity of new facts and fresh ideas that it lays before the reader's eyes while simultaneously reflecting movement, sights, scenes, and ideologies of this great city.

The task is a great one, but Mr. Strunsky brings to it an enormous amount of information, sensitivity, and interpretative power, based on long study and experience.

Point by point he discusses the prejudices that the hinterlands have nurtured against the metropolis and resolves, with the conscientiousness of the research specialist, generalities into specific topics, weighing each carefully, in turn, while responding and refuting.

Whether or not the reader agrees with this expert journalist's findings, he will feel, certainly, that he has learned more facts about New York than he ever knew before and that the city itself rises easily above prejudice and misstatement, an imposing citadel of art, science, and democracy and an inspiring national influence.

The book discusses various types of foreign settlers in New York, midtown activities, Broadway and its relation to the road, fun at Coney Island, Central Park and its wall of skyscrapers, the importance of the various boroughs, the relation of the

masses to the individual, and the loss of the "L."

He demonstrates, for instance, by way of subways and busses that New York does not nurture the caste system; that it is, contrary to popular belief, neighborly and a city of homes; that it prefers mamma's cooking to restaurant menus; and that its foreign press stories and features are essentially national, the advertisements being largely similar and the crossword questions and answers "as American as corn pone."

Outstanding also and worthy of serious consideration are Mr. Strunsky's contentions that it was not the American Jew, but the non-Jewish London intellectuals who created the vogue for Russian writers like Dostoievsky and Chekhov; that it was British sympathizers like Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, and H. G. Wells who popularized the communist experiment; that the Jew is "the most malleable of raw material, taking form and color from the local Gentile surroundings"; and that Jewish publishers, instead of striving to impress themselves on the environment, take their orders from the environment.

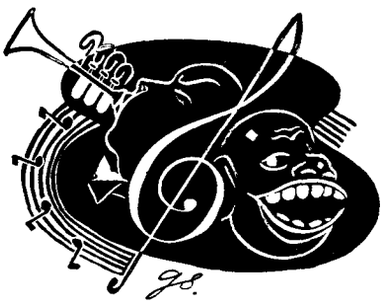
One of the best chapters, "Folk Speech," forms a wise corollary to Fowler's "Modern English Usage" whose practical principles Mr. Strunsky exemplifies daily in his lively, cogent, and indispensable "Topics of the Times," a column which demands personal identification long overdue.

The treatment of other topics is disproportionate. Aside from an inference concerning night clubs, Mr. Strunsky fails to discuss Walter Winchell and the influence of the columnist on American life. The urgent Negro question gets only scant attention while the gangster, sprouting dangerously anew with the growth of Black market, is deftly allocated:

> He has no quarrel with the public at large whom he is only anxious to see in good health and prosperous; they are his customers. For the privilege of ministering to the public's needs, normal or unconventional, he wages battle with rival gangsters.

The challenging nature of the author's theories is indicated in key sentences like the following:

> For more than three hundred years New York has been a city of inquirers.
>
> Modern thinkers lay great stress on the Myth as an agency in propelling men toward their own ultimate good.
>
> Democracy in general is what Americans do.
>
> The thing which in the subway is called congestion is esteemed in the night spots as intimacy.
>
> There is a wrong notion that all slang is ephemeral. Much of it is long lived.
>
> Who are the pressure groups? Everybody.
>
> Young women who had to work for a living began to choose work among the poor as a profession. It was our first big wave of social consciousness.



> Very few visitors to New York put the Garment Center on their schedule. It is a pity.
>
> It has always been known that the people whom the sons and daughters find it hardest to understand are the fathers and mothers, but young people can get on very well with the grandfathers and grandmothers.
>
> Latterly there have been competent judges to assert that Karl Marx's whole doctrine was essentially a creation of mid-Victorian logic—
>
> The principal chapters in the history of the American labor movement were written outside of New York and we must look elsewhere for the main events in the story of industrial warfare.
>
> The newer criticism has its doubts about the greatness of Irving, Bryant, Howells, and even Henry James.
>
> One big reason why we have embraced the electric razor is that we love the whir and buzz of it.

As the book progresses, the reader gets a hasty reflection of city scenes, sights, moods, ideologies, and appetites. He rides busses, scoots through labyrinthian subways, walks into the homes of former United States Presidents; sits down at Schrafft's for a soda and sandwich; snatches close-ups of American history and flashbacks of classical erudition; halts at Grant's Tomb for philosophical dalliance; and winds up the day as a thoroughgoing individualist, dining al fresco at a Nedick lunch stand.

All this is, of course, colorful, earnest, and imbued with the love of justice, even though too scattered to establish conviction. Figures never lie, but statistics are suspect. Indirection often obscures the purpose and tedium balks it.

"No Mean City" is the kind of book that only a New Yorker addicted to the joys of recognition, or a diligent antiquarian in search of new facts about a city seldom mean and always cherished, could love.

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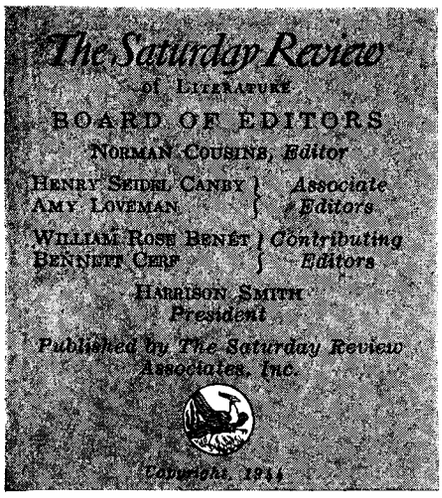

WHERE IS THE "OTHER GERMANY"?

MORE than three years ago on this page, *The Saturday Review* called upon American writers to draw a distinction between German culture and Nazi barbarism. We wrote in part:

> Of course there is a distinction—a distinction Americans must recognize and respect if we are to avoid falling victim to the same untouchable complex, the same excessive feeling of superiority that has obliterated—only for the moment we hope—the warmth and richness of the cultural side of the other Germany. This was the Germany that has enriched the cultural treasury of the world through its writers and artists and composers.
>
> It is this other Germany that the Nazis themselves fear; otherwise there would be no book-burnings; no extermination of creative thought, or free culture; no exodus or hunting down of human genius. Not for nothing was the foundation of Nazism built on the ashes of books which had given the other Germany a conscience and a dignity and a respect for man and the works of man. The books were burned because Nazi Germany could find no uniform to fit free culture; they were burned because they had the power of an army on the march—constituting, as they did, Germany's first line of defense against an abrupt return to the Dark Ages. When a match was set to a gasoline-soaked pile of books, the fire was merely symbolic of a much larger and more ominous conflagration. It was symbolic, too, of the life and death struggle between the two Germanies—a struggle whose intensity has not been exceeded by any external conflict in which the nation was involved.

Today, three years later, though we still recognize the gulf between German culture and Nazi barbarism, we find it impossible to draw any distinctions between "good" Germans and "bad" Germans inside Germany. We believe it would be foolish to depend on the "good" Germans to solve the Nazi problem for the world—foolish because the "good" Germans are dead. And those that still live are shattered in mind and body after years of forced labor or imprisonment in concentration camps. The Nazis do one thing extremely well: they know how to kill. That is their business. That is their mission. Does anyone believe that the Nazis would hesitate to stamp out any life anywhere in Germany—or anywhere on the Continent while they held it—if there was the slightest doubt in their minds concerning fidelity to the Fuehrer? Did they hesitate to hang their generals? Any gorgeous hopes of ours that we can count on an underground to help us, after almost twelve years of systematic extermination, are as substantial as soap-bubbles in the sun.

But this is more than a matter of "good" Germans and "bad" Germans. It involves the "other Germany" we have been hearing so much about of late and about which we ourselves wrote three years ago. Where are we to find this "other Germany"? Certainly not in the geographical area which has traditionally housed German culture. For though the Nazis have lost their war against the rest of the world, they have won the war against the other Germany. They have actually been fighting two wars, one to crush a tradition; the other to conquer the world. It would be pleasant to believe that they had failed in both objectives, but consider the evidence of their success against the tradition. Consider the millions of young Germans who have been hatched in a Nazi incubator and nursed on a murderer's diet. Consider the elaborate machinery which has mass produced a generation of fanatics; it was in the name of literal fanaticism that Hitler made his last frantic appeal to the German people. How many boys in the German army have ever heard of Goethe or Heine or Beethoven or Schiller? How many know what the cultural tradition of Germany once was? If this seems like a preposterous question, consider the actual answers given by German prisoners. So far as they are concerned, that other Germany never lived. The only Germany, the only world for them, in fact, was the Nazi world.

No one in his right mind believes you can exterminate a people. But a national culture can be lost by default. The "other" Germany no longer belongs to the people who by a geographical accident inhabit the area in which it evolved and developed. The "other" Germany has now passed on to the world at large, as though a troubled spirit had risen from its resting place to seek permanent asylum from a prodding evil. The enormity of the entire tragedy of this national suicide, over and above the tragedy of the war itself, is almost beyond human comprehension. It is peculiarly and perhaps appropriately Wagnerian, with its towering Götterdämmerung overtones and its Valkyrie symbolisms.

It has become trite to say it, but it is true nevertheless: this is no war like other wars. It stands apart not only in time and space; not only in size and scope; not only in hell and fury. It stands alone in the insane attempt of one nation to tear down the very essence of humanity. In Lublin, you open the door to a huge warehouse and see a mountain of shoes. Some of these shoes are small and were once worn by babies. There are tattered shoes, shoes with eloquent paper linings, shoes for old men and young, shoes for young mothers and old—shoes that are now the monuments to the hundreds of thousands who lost their lives in the gas chambers of Lublin. This was Lidice multiplied ten thousand times. When a nation is capable of this, it has thrown away its own claim to life. N. C.

Mine, But Not to Keep

FOR EACH OF THREE, A, E, AND D

By Dilys Bennett Laing

WHENEVER I leave you, it is good night forever.
Whether in dream or waking I see your eyes
I have not seen them before. They are unknown
as wrapped gifts. And I fall at once in love
over and over again. Tissue by tissue, I tear
the strangeness off until I find the center
that every time is you and every time is mine.
I cannot tire of you. I cannot keep nor use you,
but only find and lose you, again and again.
Stranger, it is my love that holds you new,
that saves you from the tarnish of its keeping.
Whether awake or sleeping, whenever I see you
it is good morning. It is for the first time.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Found: A Publisher

SIR: I have just read Struthers Burt's "Is There a Publisher in the House?" [*SRL*, Sept. 9, 1944]. It seems inconceivable that such a book as he describes cannot find a publisher. Will you please communicate to Mr. Burt my readiness to publish the book myself and back it to the limit, or aid in any way I can in seeing that its message gets into print and has wide distribution?

JED HARRIS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have just read in your issue of September 9 the article by Struthers Burt. The cartoonist of whom he writes is, of course, Arthur Szyk, whose drawings you have so often published.

It is not credible that all of the publishers in this country are as limited in their opinion of what is acceptable to and desired by intelligent Americans as are the nine of whom Mr. Burt writes. I hope that this letter will be one of many which you will receive and use as straws to show the way the wind blows.

HARRY HOWE BENTLEY.

Alexandria, Virginia.

SIR: I hereby agree to forward $5.00, or any necessary part thereof, as a prepayment on one copy of the book of cartoons that Struthers Burt has been telling us about. I, too, believe that righteous wrath is the true voice of God.

If there are any Americans left who represent the clan worried over by the publishers—the softies who can't face the realities of this war—then let us have the book printed by public subscription and require those same softies to study it—if necessary in an asylum for the defective where they probably will belong.

(MRS.) HELEN R. STOESSEL.

Falls Church, Va.

SIR: Put me down as answering Yes to Struthers Burt's final query in his "Strictly Personal" (Sept. 9). But even if no publisher will take a chance on a book "too bitter, too grim," Mr. Burt has done a service in entering one more plea for recognition of the German menace.

MINETTE KUHN.

New York, N. Y.

"Images and the Negro"

SIR: So you welcome suggestions concerning arriving at an understanding of the Nego; that is, as complete an understanding as the white man is capable of. Why not get right down where he lives? Sort of take the clothespin off your nose and go down his alley—below the "line." Go talk to the white school principal who is "helping" trustee for the colored school in a small Florida town. Talk to the white folks who helped Alabam, who can't read or write, to get her Social Security number, up in Carolina. Talk to the white folks who go to the cabins when there is a death in a servant's family to see that there's enough to do with, up in Virginia. Talk to the white folks who attend the colored school plays and church services. That way, you might really find what you're after. One can theorize any problem to nausea, especially a human problem.

BRENDA GLASS.

Salem, Oregon.

"Does it make you nervous for someone to read over your shoulder?"

Are Trees Incurable?

SIR:

The loveliest tree, 'tween you and me,
Beyond a doubt is poetree.
I wouldn't vote for any other
And gladly string along with Struther.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

"Education for the Emotions"

SIR: George F. Reynolds is absolutely right: at times of emotional crisis nothing is of so much help as the great words of other men—but only to those for whom poetry (or music, or painting) is already significant and necessary. I had an instance of this some years ago. At a time of agonizing bereavement, nothing kept me going except constant reading and remembering of poems by men and women who before me had undergone similar torment. It occurred to me that it might be a public service to compile a booklet of such poems, and that as a means of distribution they might be incorporated with various blanks for data and distributed to the next of kin at the funerals of those they had lost. I had innumerable interviews with officials of funeral directors' associations, showing them the model booklet I had prepared; and their reaction was always the same: "Words don't mean anything at such a time." Words meant everything to me—I still have the model booklet and it still helps me—but to those unaccustomed to finding comfort and help in them they meant nothing at all. I should therefore suggest to Mr. Reynolds that the first step in "education of the emotions" should be the inculcation of love of great literature and of great art as a whole, until recourse to it becomes automatic at moments of emotional stress.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

P. S.—Senator Taft is mistaken. This is not "the first time in history we have a Commander-in-Chief running for re-election himself." The Civil War was still on when Lincoln ran for the second time.

San Francisco, Cal.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In New Hope, Pa., Moss Hart, eminent dramatist and croquet strategist, hit an opponent's ball at a crucial point in a tight game. Intent upon driving it into the next county, he removed his shoe to insure perfect execution of the shot, took a terrific wind-up, walloped himself on the toe instead. His broken foot will be in a cast for the next six weeks. Scoffers who sneer at croquet as a "sissy game" take notice!

◆◆ In New York, John Farrar's abrupt resignation from Farrar and Rinehart had literary circles buzzing.

◆◆ In Hawkinsville, N. Y., Walter Edmonds, author of "Rome Haul," discovered an escaped Nazi war prisoner calmly examining his library, served him breakfast, and turned him over to the authorities. The German explained that he had been cutting wood with other prisoners, had misplaced his shirt, and lost his way while looking for it.

◆◆ In Oxford, Mississippi, William Faulkner participated in a baseball game played in a cow pasture. The game ended abruptly when a player slid into what he thought was third base.

◆◆ In New York, an editor opened a manuscript that consisted entirely of nudes of a young lady named Raymond. She wanted to sell the idea of Yoga exercises in book form. The editor's report consisted of a single line: "I see nothing in this manuscript except Miss Raymond."

◆◆ In Rome, a Yank lieutenant visited the grave of John Keats, found three American enlisted men and a plaid-shirted Scotsman there ahead of him. "Artillery fire," he reported, "had damaged several gravestones between Keats's and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, a few steps away, but the last resting places of Keats, Shelley, and John Addington Symonds remained undisturbed."

◆◆ In San Francisco, Erskine Johnson described Hollywood as "a place where people spend money they haven't earned yet, to buy things they don't need, to impress people they don't like."

◆◆ In liberated France, the indomitable Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas turned up safe and well, none the worse for the Nazi occupation. Miss Stein pressed a newly completed manuscript, "All Wars I Remember," into the hands of Frank Gervasi, ordered its immediate serialization in *Collier's* and publication in book form by Random House. Nobody—Nazis included, evidently—ever dreams of disobeying a Stein ukase.

◆◆ In Chicago, Ben Abramson prepared to move his Argus Book Shop, a local institution for over twenty years, to New York. Meyer Levin once described Abramson's emporium as the place "where you invariably go out with the book you didn't intend to buy." John Craig, of the *News,* reports that Abramson's contemplated move is dictated by business expediency, and not because he is selling the Windy City short. "The stories of murder and crime in Chicago are grossly exaggerated," he once informed a gaping English author. "Why, I've been here for years, and haven't seen more than eight men mowed down. Of course, the rattle of machine-gun fire is sometimes annoying at night, but the bodies are always removed from the streets by morning." . . .

AT A SRL editorial luncheon last week, I referred to the wonderful "capsule classics" that Frank Adams used to run in The Conning Tower, but could remember only two of them.

The "Tale of the Ancient Mariner" boiled down to:

'Twas a mariner ancient said "Say,
Stick around, kid, and list to my lay.
Shot a bird for a joke;
Saw my shipmates all croak;
Now I give to the S.P.C.A."

Caesar's "commentaries" was rendered in this wise:

Well, Rome really needed the money,
And further, the Gauls got too funny.
So we sent out our legions
To clean up them regions.
J. Caesar? Yep, he was there, sonny.

Can any readers of Trade Winds—perchance the Master, F.P.A. himself—recall more in similar vein? Or compose new ones on current books? . . .

ERNEST ROGERS, columnist on the *Atlanta Journal,* has evidently been nibbling too much strange fruit. In a resultant fit of colic, he tore off the following angry piece, and labeled it "Writing a Best Seller Is Easy—Here's How":

> Those who have aspired to authorship need worry no longer concerning the proper technique of writing something that will make the best seller list. The method should, by now, be fairly obvious, to wit: compose about 300 pages giving the South a black eye, or a piece of about the same length putting into formal print all the questionable words you have heard in back alleys or read chalked on fences and billboards or written in other places where the veneer wears thin as the temptation of blank wall space collides with the opportunity of pencil in hand. A combination of all these is, naturally, terrific.
>
> Inasmuch as the principal literary markets are outside the South it is quite natural that a good, meaty book telling of depravity below the Mason and Dixon line instantly catches the eye of publishers to whom a dollar is a dollar no matter what its source. Your book may be pitched on some isolated incident or community but in telling the story it is well to let the general impression prevail that this sort of thing is quite typical of the region and you have merely lit a torch in the darkness.
>
> Of course, a perspiring author might well turn on the light in the slums of our Eastern, Northern, and Western communities but, somehow or other, this type of literature is lacking in sales appeal. The best pickings, apparently, are to be found in the South, so it amounts to practically a waste of time to pile word on word about equally deplorable conditions in other parts of the country.
>
> So if you would like to take a short cut to fame of a sort and fortune beyond your wildest dreams merely think up the most horrible circumstances you can conjure, throw in a Southern background, garnish your story with such language as you would never dare use in any reputable gathering—and call in the publishers. The first thing you know your little brain child will be among the best sellers, or the best smellers. . . .

THE VASSAR CO-OP lists "How to Win Friends and Influence People" under "non-friction." . . . Will Cuppy's new book will be called "The Decline and Fall of Everybody." Farrar and Rinehart have commissioned William Steig to do the illustrations. Cuppy is right up there with Thurber and Perelman.

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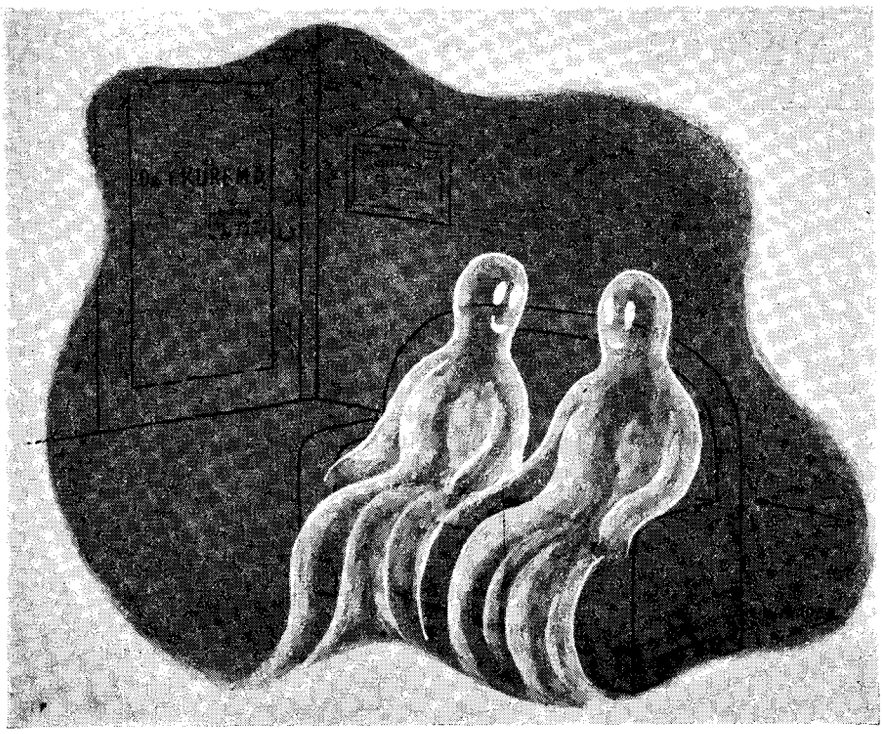

"Did I ever tell you about my apparition?"

. . . A postcard from an authoress in Southampton: "Having a wonderful time. Wish I could afford it." . . . Excerpt from the February, 1851, issue of *Godey's Lady Book:* "The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity, unless they happen to be married, should not be tolerated." . . . Claudia Cassidy tells a story about the book review editor of the old *Chicago Inter-Ocean.* For years he plugged along at a salary of eighty-five dollars a week—considered himself a pretty lucky fellow, in fact. One night, pranksters needled him into charging up to the boss and demanding more money, then sat back to await the explosion. Fifteen minutes later the book editor was back, pleased as punch. "Beginning Monday," he announced, "they're paying me $125!" . . .

WILL HALL submits the following addenda to the Schuster Publishers' Dictionary:

ASSISTANT EDITOR: a pleasant and efficient young lady who gets rid of authors in the reception room.
AUTHOR: a person who, on a conducted tour to Mexico City, finds that his ten-year-old book is not in the front window of the American Book Store, and immediately cables his publisher.
BOOK PUBLISHER: a paper broker.
INVOICE: a document listing titles, prices, etc., rarely found in the proper package.
LUNCH: the time between twelve and three when everyone knows better than to call anyone else.
REMAINDER: an unsuccessful book, formerly disposed of to dealers at ten cents a copy, now bought by the Army and Navy at full price, less trade discount.
SALES CONFERENCE: a dignified seasonal meeting with smoking permitted, during which the sales staff respectfully attends the recital by three different editors of the plot of a first novel and during which the editors attend the half-hour debate between the manufacturing department and the sales staff as to whether a certain book should be $1.98 or an even two dollars.
SHIPPING ROOM: a department carefully packing in September orders marked "rush" in July. . . .

And George Bye defines a publisher as "one who should stick to his list." . . .

***TIME* MAGAZINE** verified an often-repeated rumor that the Japanese had Jap women in their camps. A native chief was positive the Nips had at least one woman at a stronghold near his village. "Are you absolutely sure?" asked the reporter. "Sure?" echoed the chief. "I ate her!" . . . Harry Taylor, of Jennings Lodge, Oregon, sends me the story of a resourceful missionary who fell into the hands of a band of cannibals. "Going to eat me, I take it," said the missionary. "Yes, replied the chief. "Don't do it," adadvised the missionary. "You wouldn't like me." He took out his pocket-knife, sliced a piece from the calf of his leg, and handed it to the chief. "Try it and see for yourself," he urged. The chief took one bite, grunted, and spat.

The missionary remained on the island for fifty years. He had a cork leg.

BENNETT CERF.

ANNOUNCING THE *New Writers Contest*

Sponsored by
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
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20th CENTURY-FOX

The Purpose: To discover and encourage novelists who may be unable to complete their books for lack of time or money.

The Prize: Will be awarded as author fellowships to one or more authors of first published novels, on the basis of sample chapters and a complete synopsis.

The Conditions: For each winning novel the prize will be $4,000. If written jointly or in collaboration with more than one author the sum will be paid to them jointly. Of each $4,000 prize, Doubleday, Doran will pay $1,500, $750 outright, and the balance as an advance against customary royalties. Twentieth Century-Fox will pay $2,500 for an option to purchase the motion picture rights in the novel, under its standard form of contract. The prize-winning novel or novels will be published in book form by Doubleday, Doran within one year after receipt of the complete novel.

Write for entry blank and complete details and rules, to:

New Writers Contest Editor,
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.,
14 West 49th St., New York, N.Y.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON"

(*Continued from page* 10)

coming wars, of which he had previously written in his preface that they are a collective fulfilment of the death wish; made necessary by the failure of individuals to reckon with themselves, a response to the orderliness of nature. But as William Gaunt, he adds this—"Wars will cease when, first, a majority of the people of one nation will have learned to turn their aggressive impulses in upon themselves and not out against men and the world, and when this enlightened majority has succeeded in transmitting this concept to the majority of people in the rest of the world. . . . Whole civilizations will probably rise and disastrously fall before a diminution in the number and violence of wars will occur." There is little comfort for anybody in this Messianic concept, for when that has swept over one country that nation may have to go to war to convince all the other nations of their error.

But all through these arguments, during which friends and lovers address each other as if from a lecture platform, the novel steadily progresses like a swimmer who plows his way upstream against a strong current. John Galen's psychoanalyist, while he cannot stop the progress of his dreadful disease, acts as a highly efficient *deus ex machina* in adjusting what remains of his life. He is one of the finest and most lucid characters in the novel and, since he is less worried about the state of civilization than he is about the inner consciousness of living people, everything that he says makes a great deal of sense. No man, of course, would in his right senses propose to the woman he loves when he was rapidly on his way to becoming a madman. But John is gently pushed into Ann's arms and is unable to refuse the gift that she offers with so much courage and love. The ghost is finally laid and returns to wherever it came from because the little Swiss doctor takes the sentence it spoke to Ann seriously, and finds hidden in a Bible a letter from a classmate of Ann's husband in which he writes that he knew Gail in Montana and that he is sure that she deliberately killed her husband and her child. Before John and Ann are married the doctor summons her to a family conference and calmly analyzes her. He proves to her that she could not consciously have left the motor running that night to send its deadly fumes into the trailer in which her husband and her baby slept, and that since then she had been recklessly wasting her youth, trying to forget, or not to remember. On the last page of the novel John stands at the corner of a busy street. He is going back to Chicago with Ann to take up what fragment of his former life there may be left to him for a few months. Never have his thoughts been clearer, more harmonious. "I am this, he thought. This perfect awareness. This sentient geometry. This polychromatic infinitude. I must halt here and discover what it is that I am. . . . He stepped into the street. A truck horn sounded. I know what my experience means because I am that experience.

"It means" . . .

This is the end of a novel that began with the sentence, "Here is a novel about death." There could, of course, be no other end. After gathering together all of the thoughts that a biochemist, an artist who hated science, and a psychiatrist could utter about the grim reaper, Mr. Wylie's novel returned, full circle, whence it started. Is it a successful novel from the standpoint of a critic of literature? I doubt it, but I do not believe for a moment that Mr. Wylie expected, or wanted, it to be so. But he has, I believe, achieved his purpose. He has created a group of characters whom the reader will not forget in a hurry, and has placed them in the midst of a situation as daring as the thought behind it. He has been able to exercise his remarkable talents and his brilliant gift for writing volcanic prose, and he will not leave many of his readers untouched. If some of them refuse to take life more seriously, or to consider death as anything but a depressing subject to take to bed at night with them, they will at least have had a startling experience and will have been subjected to dynamic ideas, whether they like them or not, that may never have entered their heads before. Some day when Mr. Wylie has stopped railing at humanity for so many of its errors and sins of omission and commission, all in one volume, he may sit down and write a novel that will knock everyone out of their seats.

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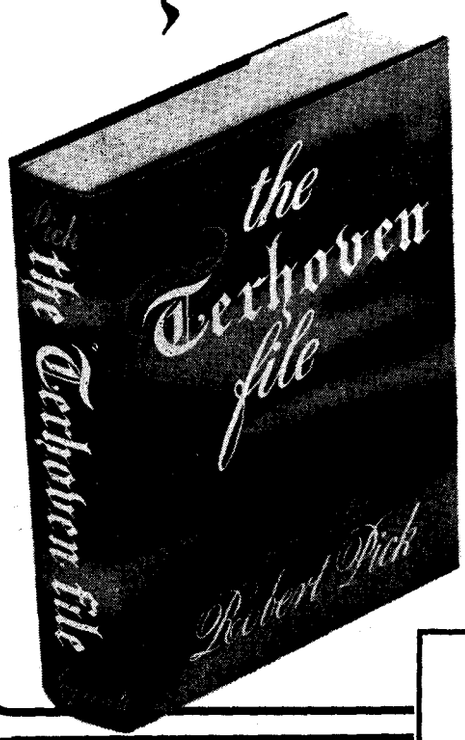
the Terhoven file

By ROBERT PICK



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"If you do anything to one of them, it's the other you have to reckon with."

THERE WERE TWO OF US

by Vera Maynard Osborn

That's what Father said, and that's how it was with Brother and Vera. Together they grew up in the peaceful Middle West of only yesterday, together they shared its laughter and drama and quietly rich life. There was, for instance, the unexplained French horn that hung in the hall; and there were Grandmother's dark mutterings and Father's faraway eyes whenever the circus came to town. There was the time they put baby clothes on the cat, with results unforseen and quite upsetting to the neighbors. There was Vera's music, a childhood amusement that grew into an adolescent profession and a mature passion—until another and more deeply human love forced it into second place. There was the business of growing up, and having sweethearts, and finally going to college. And always there was the strong bond between Vera and Brother, a thing made up of hair-pullings and games, of fights and friendships equally shared, of sundaes and secrets, of mutual understanding and unwavering loyalty.

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"A Globe in Practice"

COMPASS OF THE WORLD. Edited by Hans W. Weigert and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Maps by Richard E. Harrison). New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944 466 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
CAPT. RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

AT no time could this book have been more pertinent. President Roosevelt has just urged returning soldiers to colonize Alaska's frontier after the war. The War Department has recently revealed existence of the remarkable Arctic air ferry route via which we have delivered more than five thousand combat planes to our Russian allies. And Canada is devoting new attention to the development of the vast Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Under the guidance of Dr. Stefansson, one of the great authorities on the North, and Professor Weigert, an expert on geopolitics and international relations, this book combines the opinions and knowledge of a group of men whose interests range all the way from the Library of Congress to Eskimo igloos. In general the symposium demonstrates the new focus of air routes across the top of the planet. The excellent maps of Richard E. Harrison show conclusively that the Arctic affords the shortest aerial hops between the great continental land masses. "The airmen's earth, if free men make it," writes Archibald MacLeish in the opening essay, "will be truly round: a globe in practice, not in theory."

Primarily, this is a book about the Northern regions of the world, and particularly about the Soviet Arctic and the Arctic areas of North America.

What do the authors say about Alaska, that vast territorial possession of the United States, where President Roosevelt hopes to see service men, "especially those who do not have strong home roots, go to become pioneers?" Dr. Stefansson foresees Alaska as "a greater Scandinavia."

He believes that the natural resources of Alaska exceed those of Denmark, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, and Finland combined. One must not forget, he points out, that Alaska had a smaller population than Iceland in 1940, yet multiplies Iceland fourteen times in area.

Dr. Stefansson regards the natives of Alaska as one of the great assets of the territory. He is opposed to the practice of hiring them to work on defense projects or to trap furs for white trading posts. He believes that the Eskimos should be left to themselves and not be subject to outside influences. He cites with approval the policy of the Danes in Greenland, where the natives are encouraged "to retain their old economy and culture." The Department of the Interior, says Dr. Stefansson, is commencing a similar program in Alaska.

—From "Down to Earth."

From the military standpoint the most timely chapter is that on the Aleutian Islands by Anthony J. Dimond, Alaska's veteran delegate in Congress. Mr. Dimond knows the Aleutians well. He has fished, hunted, sailed, and flown there. Long before Japanese bombs crashed down on Dutch Harbor, he was insisting on the floor of the House of Representatives that Jap fishing vessels be excluded from North American waters.

> The Aleutians [writes Mr. Dimond] are bound to be of the highest consequence in all military planning of the Nations which front on the Pacific Ocean. This is because the direct and short line, which is called the Great Circle Route, between the Western coast of the United States and Japan, lies directly through the Aleutian Islands. The distance between our Attu Island and Paramoshiri Island, site of a great Japanese sea and naval base, at the northern end of the Japanese archipelago, is only 716 miles.

This is one of the most useful books yet published for the person who would understand the vast and strategic areas which lie in the glow of the aurora borealis.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Jane Austen. 2. James Barrie. 3. Willa Cather. 4. James Fenimore Cooper. 5. Charles Dickens. 6. George Eliot. 7. Edna Ferber. 8. Henry Fielding. 9. W. S. Gilbert. 10. Thomas Hardy. 11. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 12. Victor Hugo. 13. Henrik Ibsen. 14. Sinclair Lewis. 15. Eugene O'Neill. 16. Sir Walter Scott. 17. William Shakespeare. 18. Booth Tarkington. 19. William Makepeace Thackeray. 20. Edith Wharton.

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NOTES FOR A HEMINGWAY OMNIBUS

(*Continued from page 8*)

"in our time," of which 170 copies were printed by the Three Mountains Press in Paris. It is not to be confused with "In Our Time," capitalized, the book of stories issued in New York the following year, for it contains only the chapters, or interchapters, of the later volume. Maxwell Perkins, of Scribner's, heard about the booklet from his friend, Scott Fitzgerald, and sent to Paris for a copy of it. Being greatly impressed by it, he wrote to Hemingway, who was then in Switzerland, offering to publish a volume of his stories. A few days later, Horace Liveright made a similar offer, but by cable, and the cable reached Switzerland before the letter. Hemingway signed a contract with Liveright, received an advance of $200, and gave him an option on his next two books. The book was not a financial success; only 1,335 copies were printed and fewer than 500 were sold the first year. Liveright rejected Hemingway's second book, "The Torrents of Spring," thereby nullifying the contract. Hemingway went to see Maxwell Perkins, and his subsequent books were published by Scribner's.

That is the story of Hemingway's first American book. It goes back to the time when he was, as he afterwards said, "trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things." It lacks the skill and complexity of his later work, but it has freshness and a sort of purity that keeps it timeless.

2. "Men Without Women"

Before 1927, Hemingway's stories were published only in the little magazines that paid nothing or next to nothing for their contributions. He tried the big magazines too, but it was a waste of postage. One year he lived in a Paris courtyard next to a sawmill, and he remembers (in "Green Hills of Africa") how all the stories were returned "in the mail that came in through a slit in the sawmill door, with notes of rejection that would never call them stories, but always anecdotes, sketches, contes, etc." Then, in the spring of 1927, the editors began to show more interest in his work.

"Men Without Women," his second collection of stories, was published in the fall of that year. Of the fourteen stories it contained, four were previously unpublished and four others had appeared in the little magazines, the quarterlies or annuals (*This*

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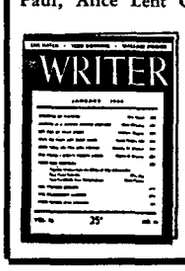

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Quarter, Transition, Little Review, American Caravan). "Today Is Friday" had first been issued as a pamphlet. The other five stories had recently been printed in *Scribner's Magazine* (3), *The New Republic,* and *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The book itself had a first edition of 7,650 copies, very large for a collection of stories. And it was popular too. Three of the stories—"The Undefeated," "Fifty Grand," and "The Killers"—afterwards appeared in so many anthologies that I can't help feeling prejudiced against them. More and more "The Undefeated" seems a museum piece, and "Fifty Grand" is skilful almost to the point of being tricky; but I suppose "The Killers" has survived its imitations and belongs with his best work. So do "Hills Like White Elephants" and "In Another Country," which are two of the author's favorites.

3. "Winner Take Nothing"

When Hemingway's short stories were finally collected in one big volume, "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories," he listed his own favorites. "Reading them over," he said, "the ones I liked the best, outside of those that have achieved some notoriety so that school teachers include them in story collections that their pupils have to buy in story courses, and you are always faintly embarrassed to read them and wonder whether you really wrote them or did you maybe hear them somewhere, are 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber,' 'In Another Country,' 'Hills Like White Elephants,' 'A Way You'll Never Be,' 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' 'A Clean, Well-Lighted Place' and a story called 'The Light of the World,' which nobody else ever liked." Three of these are among the fourteen stories included in "Winner Take Nothing" (1933).

Most of the stories in "Winner Take Nothing" are quieter than those in his two earlier collections; he is now dealing with the aftermath of tragic events, rather than with the events themselves; and he is writing, often, in a mood of somber resignation. One of his favorites, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," has a sort of blank despair that suggests the pre-revolutionary Russians. When we read what the old waiter says to himself: "Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. . . . Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee," we reflect that writers like Andreiev and Artzybashev tried to achieve the same effect of utter nihilism by littering their stories with suicides. Hemingway achieves it more economically, by describing the thoughts of an old man standing alone at a coffee bar.

4. "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

After a hunting trip in Africa, Hemingway attempted—as he later said—"to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination." The attempt was neither a failure nor entirely a success. "Green Hills of Africa" (1935) is a travel book that gives the impression of being written with very great accuracy. It contains some fine passages: for example, the dialogue on shooting hyenas and the long story of finding a virgin country where the greater kudu grazed as thickly as cows in a pasture; here the author and the reader are caught up in the same excitement. But the book as a whole lacks the depth of Hemingway's other work. Usually his dialogue gains much of its force from the sense it gives of something beneath it that the speakers are trying not to express. In his travel book, the surface is firm and skilfully joined together, but—except in a few passages—there isn't much under it.

Hemingway writes best, not when he is presenting the shape of a country or the pattern of a month's action, however truly—and he is an excellent reporter—but rather when he is obeying what might be called his personal demon. And the demon (which might also be called his instinct or his sense of life) seems to have dictated "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the two stories that are the real fruit of his African adventure. In the travel book he had several times repeated that he was doing exactly what he wanted to do, that he was enjoying himself tremendously, that in fact he was happy. In the stories, where he listened to his instinct, it led him to picture men of his own age caught in impossible situations and escaping them only by death.

"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" was printed in the September, 1936 issue of *Cosmopolitan.* Later it appeared in "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories" (1938).

5. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

Technically "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" is Hemingway's most accomplished piece of writing. That isn't the same as calling it his best piece of writing, but it is very good indeed: strong but shadowy and having the eloquence of deep feeling. The hero speaks of stories "that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well." Hemingway had such stories too, and this may have been one of them. There is a contrast with his earlier work, which consisted

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of "what truly happened"—that is, what the hero saw, what he heard or said, and what he did as a result; you had to guess at his emotions. Here the story turns inward; it becomes a stream of consciousness, or rather two streams on different levels, those of dream and those of waking. But the two planes intersect, with the reality dissolving into nightmares and the nightmares taking flesh. Death goes "in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements."

Death has always been Hemingway's principal theme, but this is the first story (except for the very brief Chapter XIV of "In Our Time") in which it is described from within the hero's mind. There had always been symbols in Hemingway's writing, but they were usually concealed or even unconscious; and this is the first story in which they are used explicitly. Most of them are death symbols: there are the vultures, the dead leopard, the hyena, the bicycle policemen, the airplane and, especially, the square top of Kilimanjaro gleaming white in the sun. The story as a whole casts a new light on Hemingway's earlier writing. It shows clearly what we should have known before: that he isn't essentially a realist or a naturalist to be classed in literary histories with Theodore Dreiser, let us say, and James T. Farrell. For all his accurate transcription of reality, he is a haunted and nocturnal writer who deals in waking nightmares and who belongs, more nearly, in the tradition of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe.

"The Snows of Kilimanjaro" was printed in the August, 1936 issue of *Esquire*. Like "Francis Macomber," the other story based on his African travels, it later appeared in "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories."

6. "Death in the Afternoon"

The Spanish critics, who ought to know best, said that "Death in the Afternoon," published in the fall of 1932, was the best book on bullfighting ever to appear. That doesn't make it Hemingway's best book, or his second-best, but it is more than a simple treatise or a piece of reporting. Because bullfighting is a ritual as well as a sport, and because Hemingway had studied it for ten years, until the whole background became part of his life, the book he wrote about it has more depth and complexity than "Green Hills of Africa." It is also more personal; and the last chapter might stand as an epilogue and farewell to all his early work. "Pamplona is changed, of course, but not as much as we are older. . . . We never will ride back from Toledo in the dark, washing the dust out with Fundador, nor will there be that week of what happened in the night in that July in Madrid. We've seen it all go and we'll watch it go again. The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world, if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly."

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 66

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 66 will be found in the next issue.

CGFP DKGDBK GA HFLBNMC
DNHFK MEKRWKBOKW
XFWMBC GS WMPNTM
DFSTMFLBNMC.

—P. E. VLPELR.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 65

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Preface by Thomas R. Coward

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Perils and Mysteries of the Sea

10,000 LEAGUES OVER THE SEA. By William Albert Robinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 383 *pp.* $2.75.

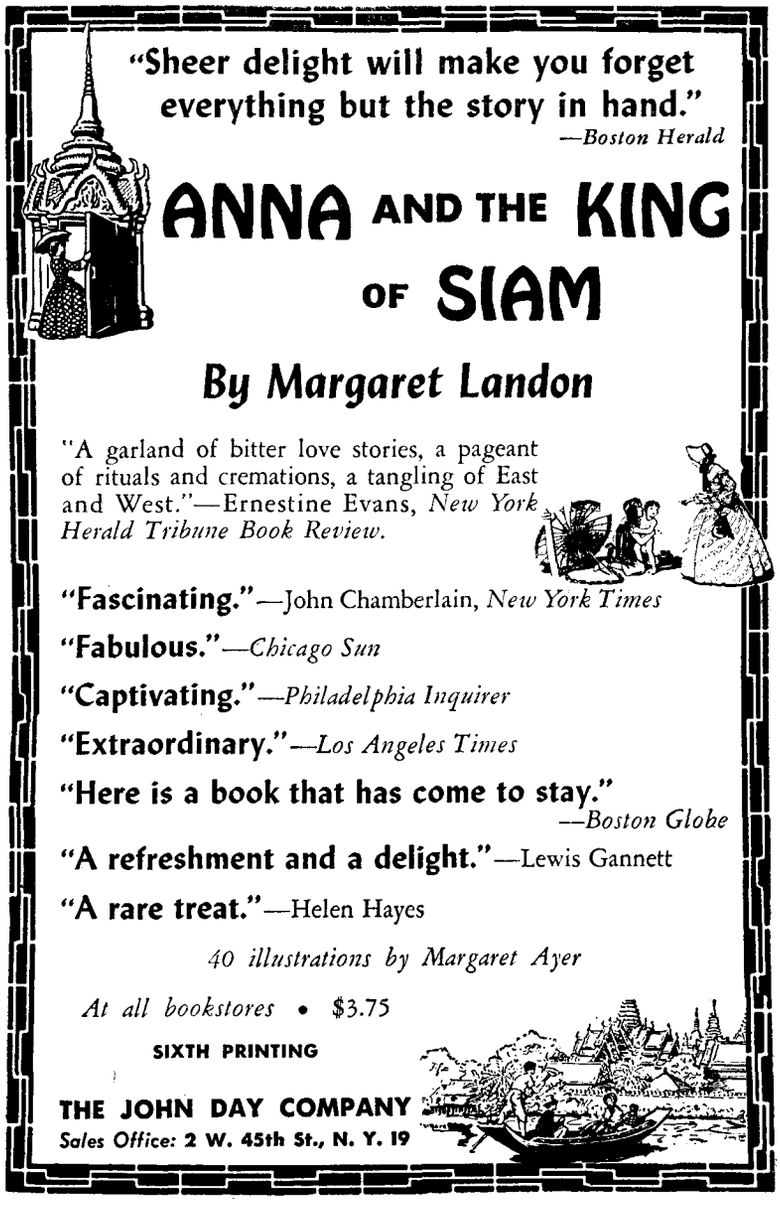
WORLD'S GREAT TALES OF THE SEA. Edited by William McFee. New York: World Publishing Co. 1944. 446 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

SOME sixteen years ago, when the world was relatively at peace and the name of Hitler suggested only a fantastic egomaniac the German people could be relied upon to disregard, Mr. Robinson sailed his ketch *Skaap* around the world in emulation of the Slocums, father and son, and other dauntless small-boat navigators. He was wiser, and more comfortable in his exploit, than they, because he always had a companion on his long runs from landfall to landfall. Most of this three years and five months of his cruise his crew was a puckish and delightfully bawdy Tahitian whose occasional tumbles from grace add spice and humor to the tale. Mr. Robinson's book was published originally in 1932. It has been reissued mainly in the interest of the families of service men whose letters home have recounted the wonders of such outlandish places as Savo Island, Guadalcanal, the Fijis, and the dark subcontinent of New Guinea where savages dwell in a perpetuation of the Stone Age. Mr. Robinson is a fascinating narrator who never takes himself or the risks he ran too seriously. He has a trick of giving you the feel of a strange island, and his occasional ventures into anthropology are graphic and human. Except for a couple of petty Arab chieftains, he seems to have gotten along famously with everyone save two American Consular officials, an experience other travelers have encountered. He was resourceful in times of emergency, but he never lost sight of Roy Chapman Andrews's dictum that rule one for an explorer was never unnecessarily to incur danger. Aside from its continued interest as a travel book, his story should be helpful to all small-boat sailors.

Mr. McFee's anthology of sea stories should attract anyone who cares for Mr. Robinson's adventures, and many more besides. Probably no collection of sea stories will satisfy everyone, but the twenty-two authors included here provide enough varying contrasts in the perils and mysteries of the sea to give amusement in bulk for most of us. You have for choice three matchless novelettes—Conrad's "Typhoon," Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno," shot with the murky splendor of his tortured psychology, and James Gould Cozzens's "S. S. *San Pedro,*" which never fails to maintain the tradition of man's interminable battle with nature. Here, too, are three factual articles—Hanson Baldwin's report of the mutiny on the U. S. S. *Somers* in 1842; Sir Walter Raleigh's "The Last Battle of the *Revenge,*" and Hakluyt's "A Voyage to the East Indies."

The remaining sixteen short stories run the gamut from the fantasy of Jeremiah Digges's "Bowleg Bill and the Mermaid," to the sheer realism of Jack London's "Make Westing." Personally, I would have substituted one of Bill Adams's stories of rounding the Horn for the London effort. Adams knows his stuff better. And I would have liked to see something of Clark Russell's. And one of W. W. Jacobs's inimitable yarns of the bargemen, who, if they never got out of sight of land, were nevertheless blood brothers of the master marines of the deep waters. It is amusing to compare some of the remaining stories with earlier readings of them. They seem to date. Morgan Robertson's "Shovels and Bricks," for instance, doesn't have the kick it used to. I had the same reaction to Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat." One of the best of the lesser-known stories is "The Mandarin's Bell," by Edward Noble, which rings an uncracked bell. Bartimeus is here with a yarn of the last war, and C. S. Forester contributes "Night Stalk," with grim detail of the anti-submarine patrol in the Mediterranean today. All these tales contrive to catch something in refraction of the magic of the sea, and not the least of all Mr. McFee's compact, competent tale of his own particular domain on shipboard, "Engine-room Stuff." It is as interesting as his introduction, which is saying a lot.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Some Autumn Books for Young People

IN Northern New York and in New England the wild raspberries are gone and the blackberry vines in the rocky meadows are starred with shining cones that shade from crimson to black, sweet if you choose wisely, warm with the sun and high in flavor. Ripe apples, tiny globes of coral and amber, hang among the grey-green leaves. Along the road golden-rod and purple aster make a royal band of color. Everywhere the seed pods are forming, delicate and varied in shape and color as the flowers themselves, promise of another spring. Everywhere, too, boys and girls are pouring back into the cities, strong and tanned and "full of beans." The constant strain of war has been for a time forgotten. They have thought only of running brooks, swift rivers, roaring surf, and still, blue lakes. They have been making friends with dogs and horses, with birds and with the little wild things of wood and field. They have learned to control and discipline their bodies through swimming in cold water, through rowing a boat and paddling a canoe, through climbing a mountain to see a green and beautiful world spread out at their feet. Very soon the exacting rhythm of city life will claim them completely; school, movies, the radio, the newspapers, the "funnies," the swift rush of traffic, the policeman at the corner who tells them when to cross. The healthy tan will fade from their arms and faces; but the memory of their freedom in the sun and wind and rain will not fade. They will remember the end of a trail that was never reached, a woodchuck or a squirrel that was never quite tamed. There is little outlet in the city for this kind of energy—that is in them all. Could it find its outlet, perhaps, in exactly the *right* book? This coming season promises to be a rich one in books for the children. We have seen only a few, but the "sample" is exciting. The red and gold of September trees, the deep green of pine and hemlock and spruce, the blue of sea and lake and sky will be reflected in jacket covers and illustrations as the new books pour into the bookstores and public libraries. Picture books for all ages, stories for little children and for older boys and girls, books that furnish facts and answer questions, poetry and art and music; we must look at them all before the Book Week parties begin. The good ones, both gay and sober, go in one pile, the ones that "are here today and gone tomorrow" in another. Let us pray for wisdom and begin now to choose.

—From the book, "Cherrystones."

MARY GOULD DAVIS.
SRL's *Children's Book Editor.*

ROMANCE IN POETRY

CHERRYSTONES. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Isobel and John Morton-Sale. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 60 *pp.* $1.25.

HAS pulling the petals of a daisy, one by one, to find out what kind of husband you are going to have gone out of fashion? "Rich man poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. . . ," it ran And you waited anxiously to see which one it was going to be.

From London, after five years of war, Eleanor Farjeon, who has given so much of beauty and humor and fantasy to American girls, sends a group of poems based on the old English rhyme-charms. Their rhythm will set young hands to beating time and young feet to dancing.

> I had a satin slipper,
> A single satin slipper,
> My mother left behind her
> The day she danced away,
> So I stood on one toe—
> Hard to stand on one toe,
> With other toe behind me
> I just danced away.

Here is romance; girls who run away with a beggar man, who lie flat on sunny grass, stare at the sky, and build castles of dreams. In a poem called "Sometime" she asks when her lover will come, where will he come from? She is answered in the poem called "Never."

> What can you give your wife, poor man?
> Nothing, he said.
> But heart, hand and head.
> It's a gift that will last for life,
> Poor man.

There are twenty-four poems and each one is illustrated with a delicate, full-page pen and ink drawing as romantic as the poems themselves. There is a gay jacket cover, designed in black and white and red by Hugh Lofting. It is a gracious gift to a young girl at any time, but especially now when real romance is hard to come by.

M. G. D.

TALE OF THE WISE MAN

NO ROOM; AN OLD STORY. Retold by Rose Dobbs. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Coward-McCann. 1944. 47 *pp.* $1.50.

STORYTELLERS seeing this little book will wait impatiently for the hour when they can tell it to the children. It has all the qualities that they seek in tales interpreted through the human voice; rhythmic words, a clear sequence of action, easily defined characters, and an underlying humor that is really philosophy. Rose Dobbs, who heard it as a child in a crowded flat on the East Side of Manhattan, does not know its origin. Neither does this reviewer, but we do remember one other published version—a picture book in color in which the scene was Mexico, the Wise Man a priest, and the selfish member of the family the wife, not the husband. This is, by far, the better version of the two. From the beginning here we see, and the children will see, the reason for the Wise Man's advice. Children love to recognize—and to show that they recognize—the logic that is in so many of the old folktales. It makes them feel wise. Even a very little child likes to reach for and attain wisdom.

The storyteller must always have this book in her hand, because the half hidden humor is made evident on every single page by Fritz Eichenberg's drawings. His genius for expressing the inner spirit of a story has never been more evident. Look at the Wise Man "seated in front of his fire, reading a big, black book." Look at the expression on the face of the cow when she stands in the crowded hut with the cock crowing at her

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back and all the other animals pressing around her. Look at the goat kicking up his heels as he dashes thankfully out of that congested dwelling place.

After the children have heard this story told once, after they have followed it once through its illustrations, it will become to them a thing of permanent value. If they own it, they will pass it on to younger brothers and sisters or even to their own children. Like all folktales, it is timeless. If they find it on the shelves of their public library, they will return to it again and again. This reviewer has an autographed copy. She places it proudly on the shelves with the books that will endure.

M. G. D.

ADVENTURE IN LAUGHTER

MAGIC MICHAEL. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 47 *pp.* $1.50.

IN June of this year Louis Slobodkin was awarded the Caldecott Medal in recognition of his illustrations for James Thurber's "Many Moons." Now he has written his own text, in verse, and has made for his book pictures in black and white, in red and brown and gold. Magic Michael is a breathless adventure in action and color and laughter. How the children will revel in it. It has something of the quality of "To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street."

Everything on its pages might have passed through the mind of an imaginative child in a fraction of time, giving him that secret delight, that sense of something known to him but to no one else that is of the very essence of childhood. It is kind of young Michael Slobodkin to let us share his secret. His father is a sculptor, an artist whose sure, skilful hands can shape on an open page magic that makes Michael a pup, a cow, a tiger, a horse—anything that he wants to be while still remaining, at least partially, Michael. Then he is presented with a bicycle, and hastily decides to be a little boy again.

Every grown-up who sees this book will be impatient to put it into the hands of a child, to share with him an adventure in laughter. The chuckles will begin on the page when Michael becomes a pup. They will rise and deepen into outright laughter before the bicycle is reached.

In spite of war restrictions, the format and color printing of this delightful book are completely satisfying.

M. G. D.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

—*From the book, "No Room."*

THE MELENDY FAMILY

THEN THERE WERE FIVE. Written and Illustrated by Elizabeth Enright. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 240 *pp.* $2.

HUNDREDS of American boys and girls will remember the four Melendy children—Mona, Rush, Randy, and Oliver. They are the ones that made such good stories of "The Saturdays" and "The Four Story Mistake." They are still in the country, in that fascinating old house with the cupola where Rush has his piano and composes his much discussed "Opus 3." The war has touched them in various ways. Their father, a thoroughly satisfactory man, is working in Washington for the Government and can be with them only for short holidays. "What will the President do without you?" Oliver asks. "Oh, he has my telephone number." Father replies grandly. Randy and Rush, collecting scrap metal, meet Mr. Titus, who lives all alone on his farm, whose hobby is cooking which he does exceedingly well. When Cuffy, their faithful nurse and housekeeper, goes off to visit a sick cousin and Mona and Randy decide to can and preserve all the fruits and vegetables in the garden, it is Mr. Titus who turns the chaos of the Melendy kitchen into order and surprises Cuffy on her return with row upon row of shining, colorful jars. Then they find Mark Herron who becomes in the end the fifth of the Melendys. Mark lives with a distant cousin, a mean, brutal sort of man, on a farm nearby. He is lonely and neglected, but he has in himself resources that Rush and Randy learn to respect and even to envy. The farmhouse burns down and Oren Meeker, drunk on illicit whiskey, dies. Mark, left alone in the world, proves his resourcefulness and his dignity and independence, not only to Rush and Rancy but to Mr. Melendy and the neighboring farmers. Mark's whole relationship to the Melendy family and their final acceptance of him show a fine sense of values. So many stories for young people in these last years have had a conscious concern with democracy and with class and race prejudice. There is no such concern here. Mark is weighed first by the children, then by their father for what he is in himself. They do not discuss him, they test him. And he meets the test every time. Perhaps the outstanding character in this new chronicle of the Melendy family is Oliver. There is insight and some beautiful writing in the chapter where he sees the lunar moth. Alone in his room, very late, his flashlight discovers it against the darkness of the summer night. It is strange and intricate and so lovely that it leaves him breathless. It is his secret, his discovery, his joy that he shares with no one. In his relationship with Mr. Titus, too, Oliver is delightful. The story ends with a typical Melendy performance, a fair at the Four Story Mistake for the benefit of the local Red Cross. As you finish this story you can almost hear the children say: "That is a *good* book!"

M. G. D.

THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND

PIERRE KEEPS WATCH. By Maria Gleit. Illustrated by Helen Carter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 211 *pp.* $2.

THE French Underground movement has often been described in novels for adults. Here we see a fourteen-year-old shepherd boy, Pierre, play an active part in the resistance to Nazi domination in his mountain village. Bravely overcoming many obstacles, he succeeds in hiding the village flock, leading sheep, goats, mules, and the mayor's fat pig to "The Devil's Pasture" where no enemy eye can detect them. Although Pierre is alone in the mountains, he feels that he is tied up with a great cause—tied up with Monsieur Thibaut who had to reach a certain person with a secret message, tied up with Tobias, the German refugee who hated the Nazis, tied up with the monks praying to God that the village might be spared, tied up with Croix St. Nicholas and all of its inhabitants.

Not only is Pierre a part of his village, but he is a part of the mountain itself. The mountain dominates his life. It shares its secrets with him and protects him so that by instinct, like a deer, he finds the perilous path that saves him from the Nazi pursuers. As one naturally would in an adventure story, Pierre overhears the enemy plot and is able to prevent

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them from setting fire to his beloved village.

The author, who knows France well, has avoided the many pitfalls of stories of this type. She is not trying to teach American children about French customs, nor does she appeal unduly to their emotions. The hatred of the Nazis is not overdrawn. The patriotism of the people of Croix St. Nicholas is not grandiloquent. Here, in brief, is a good story, full of life and touched with poetry. It is restrained and it has a sense of proportion which is typically French. Full-page illustrations in black and white interpret and strengthen the text.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH LIFE

THE SHOO-FLY PIE. By Mildred Jordan. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 118 *pp.* $2.

THE life and ways of the Pennsylvania Dutch give the setting for this story of Debby Weissfinger—Debby who is "too young" to help whitewash the cellar, too young to ride the Ferris Wheel, too young to bake a shoo-fly pie.

Debby's father is a hard-working farmer, her mother a round, kind woman, her brothers as teasing and mischievous as most brothers are. Members of the family and the village people have nicknames—"Minnie the Thinnie," "Gertie the Flirtie" and "Peter the Eater." After Debby has had many misfortunes, trying to do things that she is "too young" to do, she succeeds in making the shoo-fly pie and thus proves that she can be trusted to do things now on her own. Through her story one gains real insight into the language and customs of her people. If the reader is scholarly he will go through the glossary and discover, beside other linguistic curiosities, that "woonerfitsik" means "nosy" and that a "fastnacht" is a kind of doughnut. There is also a recipe for shoo-fly pie which will tempt the more venturesome cooks.

The book has many illustrations in black and white and several full-page pictures in color. Gloriously bright farmhouses, strong and sometimes weird trees, and bright visions of life at the fair make the book memorable.

B. W. S.

GRIDIRON TO BATTLE FIELD

PIGSKIN WARRIORS. By Jackson Scholz. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 214 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a story that will be immediately popular with both boys and girls. It is a sport story

Illustration from
PIONEER ART
IN AMERICA (*See below*)

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

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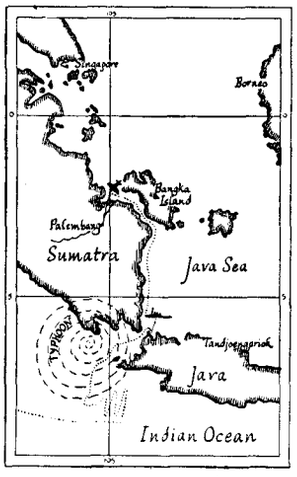
From
MYSTERY SCHOONER
(*See below, left*)



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and it takes its characters into action as a unit of the United States Army in this war. Steven Trent is the leader of a football squad in a West Coast college. His group, the Badgers, is selected to play against the squad of an aircraft carrier in Hawaii. The day after the game, which the Badgers lose, is December 7, 1941. To a man, the Badgers join the Army, go through their training there in Hawaii, and are sent to Guadalcanal. The foresight and moral courage that made Steve a leader in college athletics win him a leading place in training for war and in action. He has battles to fight in more than one sense because in the group is Buff Sloan—strong, efficient, assured, perhaps a little stupid—who challenges Steve's leadership all along the way. The crisis comes when Steve's company is sent to clean out a Japanese machine gun nest in the hills. There is a tense scene between the two—so tense that it would be melodramatic if it were not entirely realistic. In the end the Badgers, now seasoned fighters, play against the Navy in New Zealand. This time they win, and Steve and Buff reach a real understanding. The value of this story, apart from its obvious appeal, lies in its handling of human relationships. Its action includes two highly exciting and detailed football games, an Army-Navy prize-fight and war in the jungles of the South Pacific. It will be read widely from Maine to California.

M. G. D.

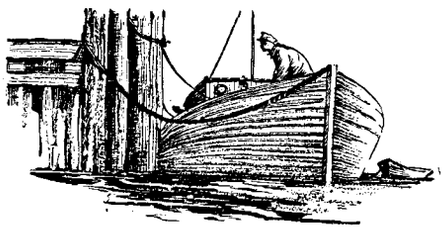
THE BOY GROWS OLDER

YOUNG MAN OF THE HOUSE. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Drawings by Louis Slobodkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 171 *pp.* $1.75.

THIS story will fully satisfy the hearts and minds of younger boys and girls who will recognize themselves in the adventures of nine-year-old Eben. His father, Captain Tuttle, has gone to the war leaving Eben, his eldest son, to be the man of the house, to watch over his mother, his grandmother, two little brothers, and an unusual Jersey cow, Pansy. When Eben's manly duties conflict with his boyish interests, he thinks of an original plan to remind himself of his responsibilities. The mishaps that occur in spite of his efforts make the humor of the story. But when, because of an oversight, Pansy, the precious cow, disappears from her stable Eben develops insight and courage above his years in his rescue of the family pet. His lonely search through the dark night will make him a hero in the eyes of young readers. Mother, grandmother, and the neighbors are all vividly portrayed. Love and loyalty bind the members of the family together. Full of a quiet strength and security, the story is a refreshing affirmation of the things in life that are essential to childhood.

Expressive pen and ink drawings by Slobodkin add to the delight and the dynamics of the book.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.



—From the book, "Danger on Old Baldy."

SPY STORY

DANGER ON OLD BALDY. By Margaret E. Bell. Illustrated by Hamilton Greene. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.

ROBERT CRAIG, whom the boys and girls will remember as the hero of "The Pirates of Icy Straits," has in this story an exciting adventure with two Japanese spies. It is just before Pearl Harbor. In the cannery on the south coast of Alaska owned and run by Robert's father it is an "off year." Only salmon enough to run the cannery four days a week are caught. The men are restless and uneasy, and there is trouble in the building where the Japanese workers live apart from the others. Then from the top of Old Baldy Robert sees a speed boat cut the waters of a little cove where no speedboat has ever been before. His father's precious map disappears. Deep in the marshy land at the head of the cove he finds the marks of a surveyor's tripod. Kimm, the kind little Korean, is nervous and frightened. Slowly the tension grows, is built up from little things to a climax, a tragedy in which Robert plays his part. There is fascinating background and atmosphere in this story of a country that is a "land of promise" to young Americans. Boys and girls will like it for its plot and action, for the humor and realism of its characters. Mike and Ole and Long Paul fit perfectly into their environment—a country that can still give the pioneer challenge of great rivers, high mountains, virgin forests. Ole knew what the Jap spies were after. "They want Alaska," he said. "Some day they're going to try to get it. I'd bet a year's pay that some day they'll try to get it."

M. G. D.

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The Essence of Combat

STILL TIME TO DIE. By Jack Belden. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 322 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

MANY war correspondents seem to look upon armed combat as a kind of magnified and glamorous football game. Too frequently in their reports, mental or emotional reactions to war are completely neglected. Mr. Belden's book is decidedly not of this category. He captures the essence of combat by a conscious effort "to feel a battle as well as to observe it." He would be justified in adding that he likewise thought profoundly about what he so deeply felt. The result is a book of unique interest and value to the student of war and to those who seek truth about this war.

To Mr. Belden there is nothing glamorous about war. His description of it in all its obscene ugliness and ugly obscenity is tough, hard-boiled, and uninhibited. It will shock the prudish and the squeamish and his book will probably be hard to buy in Boston. But the reader will come close to forming an accurate estimate of the meaning of combat because Mr. Belden has tried to write "not like a reporter or a historian but as an artist." In this he has achieved a notable measure of success.

Mr. Belden's thoughtful introductory chapter is a distinct contribution to our military literature. Although he is not an American Clausewitz, he adds much to our information on the psychology of the battlefield. The author's conclusions are the result of observations of six years of fighting which ended when he was severely wounded at Salerno in September, 1943. He agrees with Tolstoy that a battle is difficult to grasp and that most descriptions of battle are largely fictitious. This is true because the most distinguishing characteristic of combat as a form of human activity is its uncertainty. Knowledge of one's own troops is fragmentary and inexact. About the enemy we know even less. The demoralizing effect of such uncertainty on the minds of leaders and the lesser members of the military hierarchy cannot be overestimated, and yet it is a factor that is rarely recognized by civilians or by military men before their first battle. Supplement this corroding uncertainty with the friction generated on the battlefield, as Mr. Belden points out, and you have a clearer understanding of why the best laid plans fail.

Incidentally, an interesting experiment is being made in this war to decrease the falsehood engendered by battle, at least for that part dealing with history. The *Infantry Journal* has just begun the publication of results of a novel method of historical research among the participants immediately after an engagement. The first reports are encouraging in minimizing the untrustworthy nature of military history.

Another important observation in Mr. Belden's introduction is the difference between physical courage and resolution. The former is much more common than the latter, which is a rare combination of intellectual capacity and strength of will that should be an essential of a field commander.

The training of the American Army includes for all ranks mental conditioning for combat by crawling across a simulated battlefield under machine gun bullets. Mr. Belden's introductory chapter is first-class mental conditioning against the psychological slings and arrows of the outrageous fortune of war.

After establishing his philosophy of war, the body of the book dealing with three theaters of operations confirms Mr. Belden's earlier deductions. He watched the Chinese fighting with few weapons and scant ammunition, but with great courage against the better organized, trained, and equipped Japanese. The primitive defense of their good earth by these semi-feudal people is a stirring and unforgettable triumph of the spirit over material things, told in the stories of three separate episodes of the Chinese war. Malta, the first siege ever to be conducted by air, provides an unsual form of combat. General Montgomery's defeat of Rommel at the Mareth Line, and the Americans in two separate actions on the shores of Sicily and at Salerno multiply the variations on a single theme, but the outcome is the same everywhere. For, writes the author, "this book is concerned not with the difference of various battlefields, but with their sameness—with danger, friction, falsehood, overwhelming exertion, and confused uncertainty."

The political significance of this Armageddon lurks constantly in the background for all to see. Chiefly, however, the book is concerned with the effect of battle on the minds and emotions of soldiers in general and of Mr. Belden in particular. It is a vivid description of the chaos, mental suffering, and physical exertion of battle, one of the best and most useful books to come out of this war.

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The Phoenix Nest

"IT was in April, 1955, that Senator Thumb introduced the bill in Congress to restrict the sale of imaginative works of literature to the general public, and to penalize the use of the imagination, in general, through specific fines and jail sentences. As he cogently pointed out, the perusal of imaginative works, dealing with what might be possible in a future civilization, only caused discontent, truancy among the young, family difficulties, uncertainty in public affairs, and complications abroad. Where imaginative ideas were introduced into general conversation they led to confusion, argument, rancor, waste motion, and resulted often in experimentation in business and industry, and in the essential services, that upset the cyclical operation of the laissez-faire economic system which the Republican Party had managed definitely to clamp upon the country, back in November, 1944. Urged by Finance and Big Business, this bill successfully passed both houses of Congress, and was signed by J. Elmer Flump, late of Consolidated Eggs, now in his second term as President of the United States. Over the protests of publishers, a drastic purge of retail bookstores resulted in the suppression of the popular 'Men as Gods,' by G. H. Springs, 'Methusaleh Marches On,' by G. B. Shaw, and even 'Fun in the Stratosphere,' by Lieutenant Hermes Fuselage. A clause in the bill, causing the writing of all poetry in which a meaning could be discerned to constitute a penal offense, resulted in the seizing of a great many small private presses, and the incarceration of a number of citizens proclaimed Useless by the Bill. These drones were set to work at truck farming and kindred gentle pursuits. A great many publishing houses, forced to close down (since the ban on literature of the past that stimulated in any degree the faculty of the imagination made void so many of their large and profitable properties) became brokerage concerns. The success of the good Senator's bill caused him much favorable publicity and the solid support of the new Democ-Republican Party which had fused the most conservative, not to say reactionary, elements in Congress into an absolutely unbeatable political machine. The Thumb Boom was started for Chief Executive at the next election. A subsequent step was to close down all museums of art throughout the country, inasmuch as it was found that some of the exhibits induced people to think for themselves and entertain opinions both wasteful and shockingly deleterious to the future of Big Business as a controlling force of the enormous industrial and advertising systematization of the United States. Such books and pictures as inculcated the doctrine of hard work from an early age, to success in business routine and the acquirement of a suburban home, a large family, a membership in the local country club, and the possession of standard car, radio, model kitchen, jiffy garden, and consumption of at least ten standard brands, such useful works of art were, on the other hand, encouraged, though it was necessary that they be passed by the Committee for the Consolidation of Business, of which Senator Thumb was now chairman."

—Excerpt from "Our Piping Post-War Period," by J. Hotshot Workaday. Live Wire Publishing Company. $3.50.

EQUINOCTIAL

The sea, in this late sun,
Has a salty glaze.
The aspen's leaves are white.
The pine sways.
In Autumn we are come
On tranced days;

Though wild the wind blows
And the surf below
Charges the rocks and throws
Clouds of snow
And as veil across the view
Makes the spray blow.

A veil on the distant town
The spray blows.
Houses white and brown,
Roofs in rows,
Steeples seeking God
The town shows.

The ridged sea in this weather
Singing home
Bears many a whitecap feather
And crest of foam.

Red vine, gold plume, on the headland.
Fall color has come.

White and brown gulls go over
And slide the air.
In the night, pulse of the lover
Wakes aware.
In the night one hears the surf
Growl in its lair.

One hears the surf say hush
Till dim of dawn.
Ever the rhythmic rush
And wave withdrawn.
Mortal metronome
I marvel on.

Life—death—life,
Death—life—death,
Obstinate strife
Of our defeated breath. . . .
Oh let the wild wind blow
That summoneth!

Blow, as to Paul, from Crete
Sailing on,
The prisoner of Rome's
Centurion,
Arose that mighty wind
Euroclydon,
Within whose roar and shriek
Through shroud and stay
He heard the angel speak
Before day—
Shipwrecked at last but not
Cast away.

Then I should know, should know
The bourne for those
Tossed high to light, who go
While their valor shows! . . .
By the cliff, like an arm upflung,
The high spray blows.

Volume One of the Distinguished Poets Series of *Contemporary Poetry* is Oliver St. John Gogarty's "Perennial." The Series is to be one of excellently-designed cloth-bound books. Volume Two will be "A Winter's Journey," by Richard Hart, head of the Literature Department of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore. These books are published at no expense to the author and on a royalty basis. Only on invitation are writers of merit included in the series. *Contemporary Poetry* is edited by Mary Owings Miller and published quarterly in Baltimore, 10, Maryland, at 4204 Roland Avenue. Another interesting magazine is *Experiment,* also a quarterly—of the new poetry—published at 79 Q Street, Salt Lake City 3, Utah, by Norman A. Brittin. It will soon put out its third number. It is dedicated "to very fresh work which is pushing past the periphery of poetic convention. It's hard," says the editor, "to tell when such work is genuinely fine or merely bizarre. But I believe some of these writers will be leading poets in another ten years. The group who started the magazine also correspond a good deal, circulate their new poems, and have fun."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Story of Louis Waldman

LABOR LAWYER. By Louis Waldman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 394 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

LOUIS WALDMAN has told the story of his colorful life in an interesting fashion. It is heartening to note the progress of a man born in a little town in Russia, coming over here in the steerage at seventeen years of age, living in the bitterest kind of poverty in the tenement district of Allen Street, working in the garment trades, educating himself at Cooper Union, becoming an engineer, then studying law. In a short time after his arrival in this country, he was a member of the New York State Assembly, later a three-time Socialist candidate for Governor. As an Assemblyman, Waldman was publicized all over the country. He was one of the Socialists expelled from the Legislature during the hysterical wave that engulfed this country after the last war.

Louis Waldman found the United States a land of opportunity, but no Utopia. Before long he was trying to make us over. He mounted the soapbox barricades and proclaimed to the "politically illiterate" the philosophy of Karl Marx and the certainty of the class struggle. "Workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" I remember that that phrase was recited in the expulsion proceedings in the Assembly, but the stenographer wrote, "workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your *change!*"

At one point Waldman says, "Recollection is one of the most unreliable of all human mental functions," and it seems to me his own life proves it. Today he is fearful of Communists just as years ago the main body of Americans were fearful of Socialists. Just as the Socialists for years amounted to only a handful, so the Communists today are a small group. The Communists today make considerable noise just as the Socialists did twenty-five years ago. Strangely enough, Waldman seems to lack a sense of proportion about so-called radical movements in the United States. When he was running for Governor he referred to a remark made by his wife: "I think Roosevelt is the most formidable opponent that the Socialist Party will ever have in the United States. He will charm your working class away from you." This assumes a good deal. But Waldman apparently is inclined to take his private emotions for a public movement. Many years passed before Waldman realized that his way to salvation was not the American way, and he ought to lose his fear of Communists in the realization that their way to salvation is not the American way. After twenty-five years of effort and noise, the Communists cannot get enough votes to hold a place on the ballot. To attribute to the Communists all the hell-raising in the United States is an insult to the American workingman.

At one point, in writing of the so-called trial of the Socialists in the expulsion proceedings, Waldman refers to the ignorance of Thaddeus C. Sweet. He compares Sweet to the New York policeman who had clubbed an anti-Socialist because he did not care what kind of Socialist he caught. Waldman refers to Sweet's bungling ignorance in that Sweet confused Socialists with Communists. Yet of course the real vice of the Albany proceedings was that men who had been elected by the people should have been expelled from the Assembly. After all, if the people wanted Socialists as representatives, they were entitled to them. The same would apply to the election of Communists. Yet Waldman has not been notably active in opposing laws which would keep the Communist Party off the ballot.

Mr. Waldman's invectives against the CIO suggest that the title of his book should be, not "Labor Lawyer" but "A. F. of L. Labor Lawyer."

It seems to me that Mr. Waldman makes another mistake. He credits to the Socialists of his day a disproportionate influence in bringing about the social changes that we have experienced in the last twenty years. It is true that Socialists have, since the days of Marx, preached humanitarian doctrine. But the same is true of millions of others. When social progress has occurred in the natural course of democratic processes, Waldman credits this to the Socialists. As a liberal, this troubles me. Perhaps what people did not or do not like about Socialism is Socialism.

Waldman approves our experiment in democracy, stating "one of the reasons surely is that at no time have we as a nation allowed ourselves to move too rapidly either to the right or to the left." One is reminded of the old statement that, if one is not a radical before he is twenty-five, he has no heart, but if he is a radical after twenty-five, he has no brains. Mr. Waldman is a likable, colorful, energetic person, a lawyer of standing and fifty-two years of age. Recently he wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post.* Today he "views with alarm" in very respectable company.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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(*Continued on page* 34)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

EXPERIENCED WRITER AND EDITOR *desires full-time connection.* Box 209-K.

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PERSONALS

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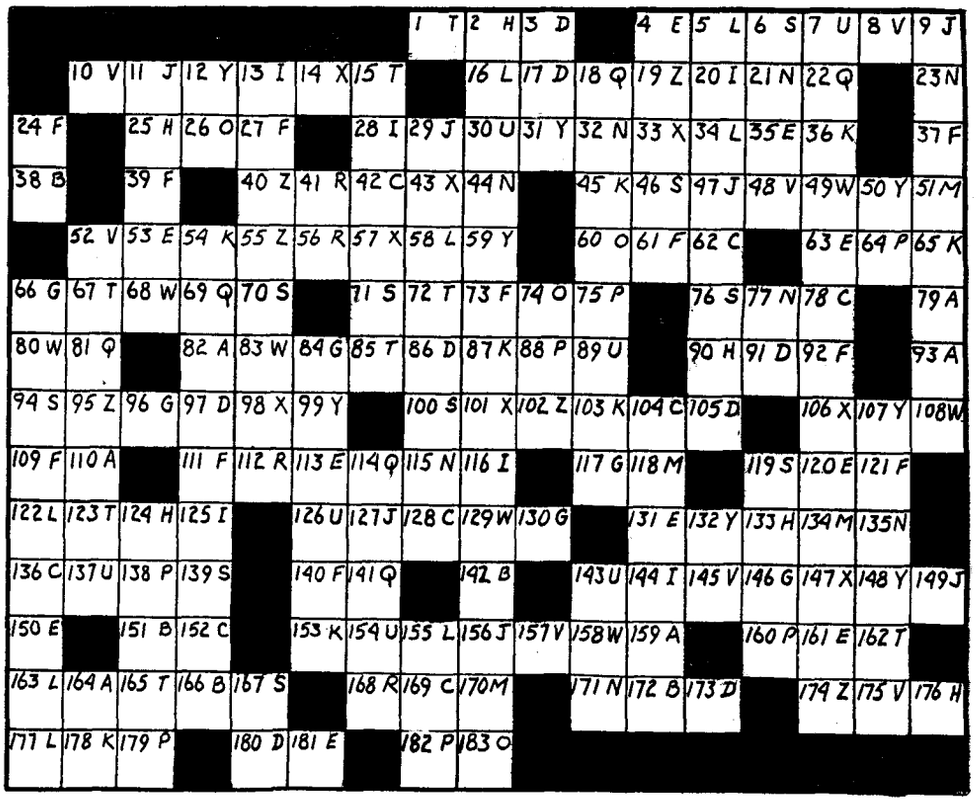
The Crostics Club

AS I have often written, one of the joys to me of our DCs, as distinguished from mere crossword puzzles, is the incentive they offer for field work. No reasonable utilization of a word, I argue, therefore, should be alien to them. Hence it is a special treat to quote from two letters recently received. From Sarah Coit Day, Hartford: "As I am battling rather wildly with a pile of unsolved *SRL* DCs, . . . I have pounced on an admission of yours in the Crostics Club of August 5 as a chance to edge a little ahead of 'teacher.' You say that you had never heard of the French sculptor Rochet, and my superiority is on record from the year 1932 when I was traveling in Europe and kept a very sketchy diary. Its pages have brought to mind scenes covered by the Allied advance in France and I find this entry: 'Started from Caen at 9:30 and drove to Falaise. Fountain where Robert le Diable saw first the tanner's daughter, drove up to castle where William the Conqueror was born, but did not explore. Stunning statue of William on the Place by Louis Rochet.'"

And this from Lt.-Colonel Kilpatrick, office of High Sheriff, Honolulu, in reference to my allusion to the *kew tree* as defined *ginkgo* with no cross-reference under *gingko* to the *kew tree:* "Here's the story of the ku tree (Hawaiian spelling). . . . In 1924 I was sent out here to complete the erection of the Ku Tree Dam which was for some years the principal storage reservoir for Schofield Barracks and now abandoned. I was curious about the name as no one living here could tell me what a ku tree looked like. Then I dug up the story." Here Lt.-Col. Kilpatrick tells how two officers, now dead, were sent in 1920 from Washington to fix on a site for a reservoir to supplement the then inadequate facilities. While surveying the site from a hillside they questioned what to call the dam. "One day," he continues, "one of them, turning to an English civilian engineer, Brad Harrison, asked, 'What's the name of that tree?' pointing to one in front of him. Harrison, never at a loss for an answer, right or wrong, replied, 'That's a ku tree.' So they called it the Ku Tree Dam, and the name went down in history, appropriated for by Congress and all that sort of thing. I tried to get the name changed but no soap. We have native indigenous trees called koa and kuki but no ku tree." And he adds, "Just to let you know I am a sophomore now, and as High Sheriff I do the DCs without reference books except when necessary to escape absolute insanity."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 548

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Saul's daughter and wife of David.

B. The accented syllable of a foot.

C. To clear up; to reveal.

D. A hangman's noose (2 words).

E. Under displeasure; disliked (3 words).

F. Unapproachable (from Fr.)

G. Represses; squelches (Slang).

H. The palm of the hand (Anat.)

I. A sailor.

J. Characterized by bookish knowledge.

K. The Wolverine State.

L. Close in personal relationship.

M. A peasant or cultivator of the soil (India).

N. To make undue claims to—usually presumptuously.

O. A samara, as of the ash.

P. To become consolidated into rock from lava, sand or gravel (Geol.)

Q. An American variety of red winter apples (Hort.)

R. American journalist; Pulitzer Prize for Byrd's first Antarctic expedition (1929-30).

S. A company of equals or friends.

T. Jointed.

U. To puzzle, bewilder; impose upon the credulity of.

V. General process of wearing away rocks.

W. A strong vigorous reproof or warning (2 words).

X. Concern; affair.

Y. Tiny Tim's father (last name) in Dickens.

Z. Tired from ennui.

WORDS

82 79 93 164 159 110

142 172 38 151 166

42 152 78 169 128 62 104 136

86 180 17 173 97 3 91 105

53 4 131 120 113 181 35 63 161 150

73 61 39 140 24 121 92 37 111 109 27

96 117 84 130 66 146

25 2 133 124 90 176

28 116 20 144 13 125

149 156 47 9 29 11 127

54 103 45 178 87 65 153 36

58 5 163 34 122 16 177 155

134 51 170 118

171 115 21 32 44 77 23 135

74 26 60 183

138 64 88 75 182 160 179

141 81 114 18 69 22

41 168 112 56

119 167 94 139 46 71 70 76 6 100

123 67 1 72 162 165 85 15

154 89 30 7 137 143 126

8 52 145 10 157 175 48

129 108 68 49 83 158 80

98 43 57 14 33 101 106 147

59 50 12 107 99 132 148 31

95 174 19 55 102 40

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